

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE most exciting week that Congress has seen since the beginning of the late rebellion opened quietly enough. On Wednesday, the 19th, Mr. Wilson, in the Senate, introduced a bill admitting Alabama, despite the defeated constitution, whenever the Legislature shall ratify the pending constitutional amendment. The House, on the same day, requested the President to send in his correspondence with Sherman relative to the brevet generalship and the new Department of the Atlantic. Correspondents declare that Mr. Johnson tells them that Sherman was some time since in the secret of the new arrangement, and that he, like Grant, has played fast and loose with the President. Mr. Thomas, by a vote of 28 to 21, was refused a seat as Senator from Maryland. On Thursday, Mr. Trumbull, in the Senate, defended the Senate, and particularly himself, against a newspaper charge of being responsible for that provision of the Reconstruction-bill which demanded more than a majority of votes for the ratification of the constitution. On Friday the excitement commenced which is not yet allayed. An international copyright bill, prepared by Mr. Baldwin, was offered in the House, a letter was read from Postmaster Randall, who desires an investigation of his official conduct, and denies charges of fraud that have been more or less vaguely brought against him, and then the Speaker presented a communication from the Secretary of War enclosing the President's order of removal. Mr. Covode at once offered a resolution impeaching the President, which was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction. The Senate behaved very quietly, as if senators expected soon to sit as judges. On Saturday the House received and debated the Reconstruction Committee's report that the President should be impeached. The debate was in no respect strong; on Monday, however, it was better, the real point being then touched by several speakers. The vote on presenting articles of impeachment was a party one—the Republicans, except two, voting aye—and stood 126 to 42. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Bingham were made messengers to the Senate, and Mr. Boutwell was put at the head of the committee to prepare the charges. On Tuesday the Senate was duly notified.

The effect of the impeachment on business appears on the whole likely to be slight. The small amount of support Mr. Johnson seems

to receive from any quarter, and the plainness of the case against him, deprive the situation of most of its financial horrors, although the sensationalists are doing their best to increase the excitement by strong writing and the free use of epithets, and by examining Mr. Johnson's case politically, morally, physically, and psychologically. He has been, on the whole, perhaps the weakest man who ever attempted to resist a legislature; but, according to the newspapers, one must search the records of Asiatic tyranny and treachery to find a match for him. He has outdone all the despots and traitors of the Western world. His resemblance to Philip II. and the Duke of Alva we have not seen discussed, but it certainly opens up an interesting field of enquiry.

Mr. Johnson has sent in a message to the Senate defending himself against the charge of illegal conduct in appointing General Thomas to the Secretaryship of War. He shows in it a good deal of nervousness and anxiety—pleads that his only object in all he had done was to bring the question of the constitutionality of the law before the courts—and defends his removal of Mr. Stanton on grounds which, if not new, are, we think, at least new to the public. He says that the obvious meaning of the act is, that he may not without the advice and consent of the Senate remove any officer appointed by himself. Mr. Stanton, however, was not appointed by himself, therefore his removal of Mr. Stanton was not a breach of the law. This, perhaps, fore-shadows his line of defence before the Senate.

The Washington Correspondent may safely be said to have just passed through the happiest week of his life. In the early part of the war, and, in fact, all through the war, his mind was distracted and his usefulness impaired by the fact that he had to collect rumors from all parts of the country. On the present occasion, all the interest and excitement and incidents are concentrated in Washington itself, and what all the world wants to hear about is passing in his immediate view and presence. Accordingly, he has outdone himself. Nothing in the whole field of newspaper literature can equal for minuteness, magniloquence, and acuteness his despatches about the impeachment proceeding and the attempt to oust Mr. Stanton. He has kept his eye on every man of note in the capital, and has recorded his doings, during the whole twenty-four hours—what corners he turned, with whom he turned them, where and how he passed the night, what he said, and what was said to him, on what occasions he smiled, and why. Such incidents as the bringing in of Mr. Stanton's breakfast to the War Office, and the feebly jocose remark of the deferential bystander, whom we think we see, "that this was an odd place to breakfast in," and Mr. Sumner's note to the Secretary requesting that gentleman "to stick," are all set down with a just appreciation of their historic importance. The debate on Saturday was somewhat declamatory and abusive, the impeachers apparently not being as yet aware of their strength. On Monday the truth had dawned upon them and somewhat sobered them, and on that day the speaking was, on the whole, strong and moderate. General Butler ran amuck like a Malay, and in a wild speech he placed Johnson far higher in the rank of tyrants and usurpers than George III. or James II. or Charles I. Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Stevens were the principal speakers, but Mr. Boutwell declaimed on the general subject of Mr. Johnson's iniquities, while Mr. Stevens—whose speech, we are sorry to see, had to be read by the clerk—addressed himself to the exact point on which the impeachment is to be based.

The Tribune's Washington correspondent is the only one who has risen to the full height of the occasion, and he is clearly too eloquent

and allusive for any merely human periodical. According to him, in the debate on Monday, "Copperhead Phelps of Maryland" was so exceedingly absurd as "to fling himself into the impeachment torrent with a speech which hinged on a rotten sophism." How he got on in the torrent with this article on his shoulder the correspondent does not say, but we presume badly. "Kelley, the orator of patriotism and humanity," arraigned "Andrew Johnson with power and beauty"—which was also a novel feat; but it was outdone by the same orator, "running a historical parallel, with thrilling effect," between Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* and Johnson's attempt to overthrow our Government, and between "the murderous energy of Marshal St. Armand" and the "pliancy and sympathy of Lorenzo Thomas." The attempt of Mr. Holman of Indiana to have Washington's Farewell Address read was "a pig-headed scuffle." On Sunday, in Washington, "a current of religious life ran mechanically under superior passions and engrossing interests," and the Copperheads "stayed in their holes," "bit, hissed, and writhed," and "inflamed each other with each other's venom." The Republicans, on the contrary, went to bed with their heads cleared about impeachment, and if they woke up in the night "thanked God for His abounding goodness in giving the Republic even one year of administration by Old Ben." "Ben. Butler," who spoke on Monday, is, it appears, "the Apostle John of the salvation by impeachment." If the *Tribune* allows this gentleman to describe the impeachment trial itself, we fear his eloquence will consume it off the face of the earth. Would it not pay for such a journal to send some one to do the work who knows how to write the English of ordinary life, and how to describe the events of this sublunary sphere in terms adapted to the feeble understanding of mortal men?

In the matter of the Alabama election the path of wisdom does not seem to become a whit clearer to anybody than it was before. The advice given Congress in certain quarters to seize this opportunity of backing out of its reconstruction policy altogether, and trying something totally new which it ought to have tried two years ago, is valuable for its simplicity, but for nothing else. Congress cannot go back. Parties can never retrace their steps without totally losing public confidence. They can no more afford to be modest or contrite than newspapers can, for the public will forgive them for anything sooner than for doubting their own infallibility. The probabilities are, we fear, that Alabama will be admitted just as she stands, without regard to the result of the election. We say "we fear," because this, if done, will certainly make the elections in the other States a mere farce. "Tails I win, heads you lose" is not an interesting or exciting game, and if Alabama is admitted in disregard of the law under which the election was held, of course the voters in other States will not feel that the result depends on them, even if the supplemental bill making a majority of votes cast, and not a majority of votes registered, sufficient to secure the adoption of the constitution is enacted. To be sure, the States would be brought back into the Union in this way; but then we fear the constitutions under which they would come back would not command the respect or confidence of the body of the people, and could not be said to emanate from them, and would probably be upset at the first convenient opportunity. We still cannot help thinking that the safest course will be to order a fresh vote in Alabama under the new bill, requiring simply a majority of the votes cast to secure the adoption of the constitution. It may be defeated under this rule, and if it is, the remedy is to wait till the majority are clothed in their right mind, which will be, we suspect, very soon after the November election.

Mr. Thomas's case was disposed of last week by his being denied admission to the Senate, the vote being a mixed one, Messrs. Trumbull and Fessenden and some other Republicans voting in his favor. It did not appear by the evidence that Mr. Thomas had ever expressed even sympathy with the rebellion; the worst thing brought out against him on this point was, that he had kept up amicable relations with old friends who turned out secessionists, and that he had given \$100 to a son who persisted in going off to join the rebel army. In fact, this last act seemed to be the main charge against him. We believe, however, that for just the same reasons that we did not during the war hang all rebels taken in arms, we must now, if there is ever to

be an end to the quarrel between North and South, overlook the political weaknesses of a great many men from the border States. Something must be forgiven even to Marylanders and Kentuckians, on the simple ground that they are *men*. We confess, too, that we do not consider the case of Aulus Fulvius, the Roman senator, who killed his son for joining Catiline, cited from *Sallust* by Mr. Sumner, to be at all conclusive either as to what Mr. Thomas ought to have done to his son or the Senate ought to do to Mr. Thomas. We say this without meaning the slightest disrespect either to Aulus Fulvius or Mr. Sumner.

We have nowhere seen a better argument against inflation, and that form of repudiation known as payment of the five-twenty bonds in greenbacks, than is to be found in the majority report of the Committee of Finance of the Chicago Common Council, presented to that body last week. The report was called forth by a resolution of Alderman Wicker in favor of inflation and repudiation, and he himself presented a minority report in which he laid it down that money was scarce, and the amount in circulation "inadequate to the wants of the nation;" that greenbacks having been declared by Congress to be "money," it was perfectly proper and just to pay off the public debt in them, and that the omission of the word "coin" in an act was a perfect answer to the claims of anybody who lent money under it, and who was deluded by the speeches and letters of Government officers into the belief that the omission was of no consequence. The majority report took substantially the same ground that we took two weeks ago with regard to the scarcity of money, that it was absurd to talk of its being scarce when it has for the last year been a drug in the market—nobody wanting it, or being able to use it, at any but the lowest rates of interest. The report pointed out, moreover, that every legal tender issued is *pro tanto* a forced loan—a measure which no nation should resort to except in the last extremity; that the arguments against payment of the bonds in coin are "miserable technicalities," and are an attempt to repudiate the "mutual understanding" on which, no matter what the act may say, the loan was raised, and on which the lenders gave not what the Government was screwed down into taking by a hard bargain, but all that the Government asked. It quotes as bearing on this point a passage from the speech of "a former chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means," "spoken publicly on the floor of the House at the time of contracting the debt." The orator is now in favor of payment in greenbacks. The report does not name him, and neither shall we, as both we and our readers have some shame left:

"A dollar in a miser's safe, unproductive, is a sore disturbance. Where could they invest it? In United States loans at six per cent., *redeemable in gold in twenty years*—the best and most valuable permanent investment that could be desired." "But widows and orphans are interested, and in tears lest their estates should be badly invested. I pity no one who has money invested in United States bonds, *payable in gold in twenty years, with interest semi-annually*."

We were all the better pleased to read the Chicago report because, besides being sensible and sound and high-minded, it may prove a valuable corrective of the folly of the Republican State Convention of Indiana, which seems to have committed the drawing up of its platform to a wag, and a very mischievous one. The following plank, if it were not likely to prove mischievous, would be very amusing. The italics are ours:

"Fourth—The public debt, made necessary by the rebellion, should be honestly paid, and all bonds issued therefor should be paid in legal tenders, commonly called greenbacks, except where by their express terms they provide otherwise, and paid in such quantities as will make the circulation *commensurate with the commercial wants of the country*, and so as to avoid *too great an inflation of the currency, and an increase in the price of gold*."

He seems to have been encouraged by the success of this joke to perpetrate another, and, on the whole, better—in which he condemns the late contraction of the currency on the ground, amongst others, that it had "the sanction of the Democratic party in both Houses of Congress." This reminds us of the reproach addressed by the drunken pugilist to his delicate wife, after he had smashed all their furniture—"Why did you let me do it, hang you!" There can be no question, and there is no question, that any party which advocates any policy which is likely to impair or destroy the borrowing power of the Gov-

ernment, is as distinctly disunionist as if it passed an "ordinance of secession," and anybody who votes for any candidate who supports such a policy, no matter how much he may try to deceive himself by mauldanders about "the burden of taxation" and "the people's will," paves the way for a fresh rebellion. This is the fact of the matter, and there is no use any longer in mincing one's words about it.

The *Sun* last week called attention, in much milder terms than the occasion merited, to the fact that, while the New York Constitutional Convention is giving the finishing touches to the constitution which it has drafted, Mr. Horace Greeley, one of the delegates at large, and a very prominent and a very useful member of the body, is delighting large audiences in the West with lectures on divers subjects. What makes the matter worthy of remark is, that Mr. Greeley acquired honorable distinction, during the first six months, by his denunciations in the *Tribune* of his brother members for their lax attendance, and thereby did much to bring the body into contempt and endanger the adoption of the constitution.

A striking illustration of the extent to which pure, unadulterated good nature "rules the court, the camp, the grove" amongst us has just been afforded in California. Congress conveyed the Yo Semite Valley—a piece of land fifteen miles long, half a mile wide, lying between the most tremendous precipices in the world, and presenting a series of views of unrivalled grandeur, beauty, and singularity—to the State, on the sole condition that it should be reserved for a public pleasure-ground. The gift was a splendid one, the object noble, and a proper appreciation of it on the part of the Californians, and a very small outlay of money, would have converted the valley into such a public park as no community ever possessed, and such as Frenchmen, Swiss, or Germans would be almost willing to encounter a bloody war for. But there were two squatters in it, with a tavern each, and a piece of ground in possession, but without a shadow of right. They ought to have been bought out and sent elsewhere, but they petitioned the State legislature for three hundred acres of the valley, and the legislature, thinking of their bygone bears and cold nights and long journeys, have given them twice as much land as they asked for, and done nothing about the park. If Congress should sanction the grant, the valley will be spoiled. It will be gradually cut up amongst tavern-keepers, and be devoted to "mixed drinks," billiards, nine-pins, and other modern improvements. There must surely be enough taste and enough regard for posterity in California to prevent this desecration.

The Irish question continues to be vigorously agitated in England, and the tide of opinion continues to set against the Irish Church more strongly than ever. Nearly all the more influential portion of the English press, daily, weekly, and monthly, has gone over to the enemy, and the Church party in Ireland seem to be at last seriously alarmed and have begun to hold meetings and issue "pastorals." A great Protestant gathering has been held in Dublin, in which the old doctrines of "Protestant ascendancy" were asserted in a tolerably rank form, and the revenues of the Church defended on the antiquated ground that they were "property." One of the Irish bishops defends the Establishment on the ground that it is the Church first established by the apostles in Ireland, and that the Catholics are interlopers and are entitled to nothing more than toleration. The Catholic clergy, on the other hand, are not idle, and call for a repeal of the union, or, if they cannot have that, at least a separate educational endowment. Between the two, the few Irish reformers who are worth listening to have not much chance for a hearing. Lord Oranmore, at the Protestant meeting, pointed out very sensibly that the Catholic clergy claimed in Ireland more than any Catholic government at the present moment accords them anywhere, and other defenders of the landlord class argue, with much plausibility, that if the landed aristocracy and the Protestant Church were got out of the way, the result would be that politics would pass entirely into the hands of the priests. The fear, however, judging from what we see of Fenianism, would seem to be groundless. The great difficulty in the way of Irish reform really appears to be now that Irishmen themselves are not agreed upon anything in sufficient force to make a respectable impression on English opinion. Mr. Bright has been renewing with amplification and

emendation his proposal to have the Government buy up the estates of the absentee landlords and sell them at a fair valuation to the tenants, the price to be paid in instalments. The idea seems to gain ground.

All England is occupied with the question of education, or at least is giving it all the attention it can spare from Fenianism. One most interesting fact has come to light with regard to the results of the efforts which have been made to promote the higher education of women, by the establishment at Cambridge University of examinations for girls, certificates being awarded to all who pass satisfactorily. The plan has now been long enough in operation to furnish some aid in estimating the ability of women to master the studies hitherto usually reserved to boys. The examinations are conducted in London by married fellows of the University; and besides furnishing girls with an excellent means of testing their own capacity, they are gradually creating a standard to which women seeking employment as governesses or teachers will have to come up, as the candidates furnished with certificates naturally secure a preference. But now for the fact which gives the movement its strongest claim to attention. The examiners report that they discover little difference in capacity between sisters and brothers examined on the same papers—the advantage, if any, being on the side of the sisters. Moreover—and the effect of this is really stunning—the girls decidedly beat the boys in mathematics, seldom making blunders "in the essentials of a demonstration," while the boys make them in all parts of the process with equal facility. A more portentous fact than this for the noble army of male blockheads has never, we venture to say, been brought to light.

It will gratify all friends of national progress to know that the experiment commenced in England three years ago by the Messrs. Briggs, the owners of one of the largest collieries, of converting their concern into a joint-stock establishment, giving shares to the workmen, and dividing amongst them all profits over ten per cent., has proved a splendid success, the aggregate profits last year having been 12 per cent., and that order, industry, and content have succeeded strikes, bitterness, and contention. A similar result has attended a similar experiment made by the Messrs. Crossley in a large woollen manufactory, beginning about the same time as the Briggs colliery, and now paying dividends of 20 per cent. Such facts as these are very awkward for those political economists who insist upon it that the plan of paying for labor in fixed weekly wages is part of the order of the universe.

The new French press bill, which releases journalists from arbitrary punishment at the hands of the minister, and from the necessity of procuring permission to establish papers, but subjects them for all violations of the law to the jurisdiction of the "correctional police"—that is, of the lowest and least respectable branches of the French judiciary—without the intervention of a jury, is a great advance on the old régime, and is the fulfilment of the promise so unexpectedly made by the Emperor a year ago. It meets, however, with violent opposition from the inner circle of his following, the original Imperialist adventurers, to whom change and progress are for obvious reasons terrible, and there are rumors in Paris of agitating "scenes" at the Tuilleries, in which these gentlemen tried to save their master from himself and were generally more devoted than was agreeable. Foremost among the opponents of the bill is Granier de Cassagnac—the editor of the *Pays*—who, by dint of sticking at nothing, and using his journal as a soldier of fortune uses his sword, has got into the Senate and is a great man.

In spite of the extreme depression of Russia on the subject of the condition of the Turkish Christians, and the mysterious running to and fro of General Ignatieff, the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, and the preparation of breech-loaders for the army, all fear as well as all danger of war in the East seems to be passing away. The fact is, that Russia is suffering from serious financial embarrassment and cannot conceal it. She has been working hard amongst the Austrian and Turkish Slaves, and with considerable success, but seems unable to follow it up. The expenses of the Crimean war still hang about her in the shape of an ugly floating debt, and her paper goes on depreciating every day.

[Feb. 27, 1868]

*Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.*

*All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.*

### THE CRISIS AT WASHINGTON.

MR. JOHNSON, after a series of blunders, to use a very mild word, such as few if any statesmen have had to show, has at last committed the crowning one. After having promised and failed to play the part of Moses for the colored people, he has played it for the impeachers. They have been trying for more than a year to get up a case against him, and, partly through their own natural deficiencies, partly through the oddity of his conduct, which made it almost impossible to patch up his follies into a decent resemblance to a "high crime or misdemeanor," but most of all owing to the popular unwillingness to have the country disturbed and the public attention diverted from reconstruction and the finances, they were never able to accomplish anything. Mr. Johnson, however, seems to have determined that they should not be foiled, and has at last, with truly wonderful fatuity, furnished them with a good case against him, and a case which can probably be tried in a few days. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he has now nobody to say a word for him, and that there is not a man left in the country who does not think him either a fool or a knave. Those who have never admitted his wickedness are at present willing to have him impeached and deposed as an incorrigible dunce. The scene that one witnesses at Washington would be wholly tragic if it were not for his appearance in it, but the satisfaction with which he looks on his work takes a great deal of the seriousness out of it. So, also, does the exceeding solemnity of the language in which some of the more uproarious of his enemies are denouncing him. When one sees "the usurper in the White House" revealing his mighty plans and expectations, his deep-laid schemes and hellish plots, to the correspondent of the *New York Herald* with all the artless candor of a Kentucky belle, one cannot help feeling that the task of "hurling him from the chair he has disgraced" is not such awful work after all.

The precise reason for now bringing the "tyrant" to justice is, that he has for the first time committed a distinct and palpable breach of the law, though we confess we do not think his last offence by any means the worst in a moral point of view. It has, however, the great legal beauty of being capable of proof in five minutes, and of needing no "construction" or piecemeal. It is full and complete and simple. The question of the constitutionality or expediency of the Tenure-of-office Act need not come up in the trial of it at all. Many good Republicans deny both one and the other; but Mr. Johnson has so managed matters that no differences of opinion on these points in the ranks of the party will be of any use to him. Whether the law be constitutional or not, or wise or not, there is a legal presumption of which every man is bound to take notice, that it is constitutional till the courts have decided otherwise. The necessity and value of this presumption were fully discussed and affirmed by the Court of Appeals in this State in the police cases in 1857. Without it a written constitution would breed anarchy, because if everybody—and, above all, every officer of the Government—could take upon himself to decide, as soon as a law was passed, whether it accorded with the Constitution or not, no law would ever be executed for months or years after its passage. If he resists it, he must do so at his peril; and the doctrine which the *New York Times* seems to hold, that its being afterwards declared unconstitutional may have the effect of retroactive justification, has no foundation either in precedent or reason. If every court in the country next month pronounced the Tenure-of-office Act unconstitutional, it would not in the least improve Mr. Johnson's position. What he is about to be tried for is not only his disobedience to the law, for of this a decision that the law was unconstitutional—that is, null and void—*might* absolve him, but his taking upon himself the functions of the judiciary, and deciding for himself that it was unconstitutional, and acting in his official capacity under his own ruling. If he may do this, all the other

officials, civil and military, may do it, and the legislature might as well be dissolved, for its acts would be all nullities. Nobody would ever obey one which he had the least motive for disobeying; in other words, all that portion of the community which an act of Congress was intended to direct or restrain would be exempted from its operation for an indefinite period after its passage. If this were the effect of a written constitution, no nation would live under one for six months; and, to provide against this, the presumption has been firmly established as binding on everybody, that all acts are constitutional till a court of competent jurisdiction has, in a *bona fide* case, pronounced them otherwise. It may be said that this presumption bears hard on officers, because the Constitution furnishes them with no protection against the legal consequences of the execution of an unconstitutional act. This is no doubt true. The Constitution ought to provide that those who act on the presumption shall be held harmless. But officers, even as matters stand, have their remedy. The risk they run is a well-known risk of their position; if they do not like it, they can resign.

It would have been a stupid thing for Mr. Johnson to have disobeyed the law when he suspended Mr. Stanton. But to have done so then would not, it seems, have been stupid enough for his taste, for he obeyed it by suspending him and giving his reasons for suspending him to the Senate—thus logically, though perhaps not legally, estopping himself from afterwards denying its constitutionality. This performance seems only to have been the ground-work of absurdity, which he lays broad and deep, for so many of his official acts. Finding that his acknowledgment of the validity of the law does not help him, he sets about having it tested by the courts, and does this by flatly disobeying it—by doing the very thing which the act forbade him to do, under heavy penalties. We hear in various quarters the question asked, In what other way could he bring it before the courts? He himself evidently looks on the despatch of General Thomas to the War Office and that discreet officer's arrest as a most ingenious device, which nobody who had not "filled every office in the gift of the people" would have thought of, for bringing the dispute between him and Congress to the test of a legal decision.

There is, and has been time out of memory, a very simple process for trying titles to offices. It has been a process of the common law from the earliest ages; it is in use every year in every State in the Union, and is as familiar to all lawyers as their alphabet; and is, in fact, the only direct mode of testing the validity of any official's claim to his place. We mean, of course, the writ of *quo warranto*. The proper person to sue it out is the Attorney-General; and had Mr. Stanbury obtained it from a United States court under Mr. Johnson's direction it would have brought Mr. Stanton into court to show by what authority he held his place, and this would, of course, have at once raised the question of the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-office Act, and have secured a judicial decision upon it. It could not have been pleaded that this was a political question, on which the courts were not competent to pass, or, at all events, could not have been pleaded without an absurdity which neither Mr. Stanton nor the majority in Congress would have ventured to face. Had the court decided against him, he would have gained rather than lost in public estimation by his appeal to them. Had they decided in his favor, he would have had some solid support in his subsequent resistance to Congress, if he determined to resist.

It must be admitted, however, that the terms of the law are such that the unfortunate man was unable to test its constitutionality before the courts without exposing himself to impeachment. He could not get a *quo warranto* without removing Mr. Stanton, and he could not remove Mr. Stanton even formally without being impeached, so that, practically, he was deprived of the power of testing its constitutionality at all except before the very body which passed it, and with the penalty of political ruin hanging over him in case of failure. This would certainly be a very embarrassing position for a moderate and conscientious man. But then, if Mr. Johnson had been moderate, and there was any general belief that he was honest, he would not be in this position. If he were anybody else, we have very little doubt he might have removed Stanton, and then, on the Senate's restoring him, have tried the title to the office on a *quo warranto*, without exposing himself to impeachment. The consequence—and it seems to us the just consequence

—of the bad reputation he has acquired for himself is, that he will not be allowed to test the validity of any law which imposes a duty on him. He has by his course forfeited all claim to Congressional indulgence, and he has no popular support to take its place. What Congress says to him is, in effect, that his character is so bad that they will not allow him to question their acts even by legal process, and if his case be a hard one, we do not see that he has anybody but himself to blame.

His disappearance from the scene now will be a heartfelt relief to nearly everybody. He has been a sore trial to the nation for the last three years, and in nothing more than in creating a constant danger that the wilder members of the House would be tempted into creating a most dangerous precedent by prosecuting him for being foolish and foul-mouthed. Had he been impeached on the strength of the testimony collected by the committee last summer, it would have proved a most perilous precedent; his impeachment for flat disobedience to an act of Congress cannot but prove a useful one. It will delight the "sons of thunder" who for so long have been clamoring for his overthrow; but, as we have never taken any pleasure in these gentlemen's misery, and have all along, in opposing them, desired simply that they should have good and not bad reasons for being happy, this will not, as far as we are concerned, in any way mar the occasion.

One thing, however, we cannot help saying before we close. It is a delicate thing to say, but, if said at all, it must be said now. Mr. Johnson's troubles to himself and the nation have resulted mainly from the fact that he has owed all his political successes to his zeal and courage. In everything else he has been wanting. He is ignorant, hot-headed, impetuous, indiscreet, loose-tongued. He has no tact, no perception, is no judge of character. Had he been the reverse of all this, his differences with Congress on the matter of reconstruction would not have brought him to his present position. He might have secured a large amount of popular support, and certainly would have retained the popular respect, and would have quitted the office at the end of his term without the reputation of having degraded it. If the Senate now gives judgment against him, and deposes him, he will be succeeded by a gentleman who is, we admit, a better man in all sorts of ways, but whose mental constitution and political and social training are very like Mr. Johnson's, and who has been selected for the office mainly because he is plucky and impetuous. We confess the prospect does not fill us with enthusiasm. When we consider the delicacy of the duties which will devolve on the President during the coming year, how much there is before us for a rough and untaught hand to mar, and remember the enthusiasm with which four years ago the very men who are now looking forward with most delight to "glorious Ben Wade's" accession to the Presidency talked and wrote of "Andy Johnson, of Tennessee"—then, also, the man of the people, the foe of the slaveholding aristocrats, the friend of the Union—it is impossible to avoid expressing the hope that Mr. Wade will exhibit in his new office other qualities than those which, valuable though they may be, have thus far made his reputation.

#### THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

THE proposed substitution of General McClellan for Mr. Adams in the American embassy in London is another striking illustration of the necessity for such a reform in the civil service as will make training, experience, and ability of some value in it. We do not, of course, expect that it will strike Congress in this light, or that the Senate, if it rejects General McClellan, will reject him altogether on the ground of unfitness for this particular duty. The proximate cause of his rejection will be, and rightly enough, his political antecedents. As far as character goes, we think he is as unobjectionable a man, to say the least, as Mr. Johnson is at all likely to nominate for the place; but as regards experience and training he is singularly, in fact, fatally, unfit for it, considering the delicacy of the relations of this country with England, and the number and variety of the fresh complications which may any day arise. General McClellan, during his short public career, gave evidence of a great many good qualities, but judgment and acumen and tact and clear-headedness and a proper sense of the limits of his own powers were not amongst the number. The political opinions which he produced during his commandery-in-chief were unquestionably not of his own manufacture. Whether good or bad, they

were probably supplied by the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Information," or rather by the gentlemen who afterwards organized that illustrious body, and it would probably be difficult to find in any public man's history a more striking proof of incapacity for diplomatic functions than the Harrison's Landing letter. Whatever may be thought of the political doctrines propounded in that letter, few will deny that the writing of it by a general, on the morrow of a bloody repulse, to the political chief of the government he served, proved a degree of obtuseness on the part of the author for which there are few if any parallels to be found in military history. The real value of the performance as an indication of character was concealed from the public by the excitement of the time, and by the noisy efforts which the Democrats were then making to use the general against the Government. But if we imagine Sir John Moore to have survived Corunna, and passed the evening of the battle while his troops were stealing on board ship in writing a long letter to the Prince Regent, giving him advice on the Catholic question and parliamentary reform, we shall have a clearer notion of the bearing which the letter has on General McClellan's claims to be entrusted with high diplomatic functions.

We know very well that there is a popular notion that the real use of an ambassador, and especially of an American ambassador, is to transmit messages from his own Government to that to which he is accredited; these messages containing not the secretly formed opinions of a man or a clique, but the expression of the national will formed by the press and the platform, and carrying its motives on its face, and needing nothing in the transmission but clear statement and prompt delivery. In this theory of ambassadorial functions character and mind of course count for very little, and the part played by the minister in society is treated as purely ornamental—of no service to anybody but rich people who want to see the best foreign circles, but who would be much better at home keeping a store or raising cranberries. This view has been long held by what we may call the "Old War-Horse" school of politicians, and it is a view which naturally recommends itself strongly to the popular mind, particularly in the West, where social life and social influences play a comparatively small part in the shaping of men's opinions or the regulation of their conduct. It is not surprising, therefore, that this school should be opposed to our having any diplomatic service at all, believing the post-office and the telegraph to furnish all the needful facilities for such communications as we need to make to the governments of foreign nations, or, if we must have one, should consider the various posts in it as simply a useful means of rewarding party services at home, to be bestowed without the least reference to the special fitness of the appointee for the place he was to fill. Of course, from this point of view McCracken would fill the Viennese mission as well as if not better than Motley, as he would have nothing to do but watch the machinations of the Austrian aristocracy against American liberty and carry Mr. Seward's despatches round to the Austrian foreign office. If you talk to an Old War-Horse of the personal influence of an ambassador, of what he may do by his personal demeanor, by his character, his culture, and his private conversation to make his country respected and to carry out the foreign policy of his Government, he thinks either that you are a fool or that you take him for one. The only means of exerting influence that he knows of are the "editorial" and the speech or lyceum lecture. And when you tell him that in Europe great wars are often avoided and great alliances cemented, and the sum of human happiness increased, by mere talking over a dinner or tea-table, by an ambassador's merely inspiring those with whom he comes in contact with confidence in his sincerity, his integrity, his learning, in his broad-mindedness and acuteness, he thinks you are a besotted votary of "fashion."

We have had, however, during the past few years, at least two signal illustrations of the erroneousness of the War-Horse view of diplomacy. The tremendous strain to which the Government was subjected at the outbreak of the war, and the pressing necessity which everybody saw for conciliating European powers, caused a better batch of diplomats to be sent out than perhaps any administration had sent out since the early days of the Republic. There was hardly one of the ministers to the great courts who could be said to owe his appointment to his political claims. They were all, or nearly all, representatives of what is best in American society, of that element in it which gives it its strong

est claim to the gratitude and respect of the civilized world. Unfortunately, there is less distinction always to be gained by prevention than by cure; and the task which was imposed on our representatives abroad during the war being that of averting trouble and maintaining American respectability, their services, to a careless observer, do not seem brilliant. But they *were* brilliant. We doubt if any country was ever so well served as this country was by them. No diplomatic representatives ever had such difficulties to contend with, for we believe there never has been a case in history in which a nation or its representatives had to encounter abroad the same amount of social hostility—hostility amounting in England, at least, during the years 1862-3-4, to positive execration. To face what Mr. Adams had to face during those three years; to face it as he faced it, not with pluck only but with cheerful front, with perfect temper and perfect fortitude, and to uphold the dignity of his country when every man and woman he met was disposed to deny it even the ability to die decently, was an ordeal such as no other public servant, we venture to say, has ever passed through. But he not only passed through it with credit, but he kept the peace between the two countries; and kept it not by dint of despatches, but by tact and judgment and self-restraint. Nothing is more certain than that had we been at that time dependent on War-Horse diplomacy, and had the London mission been filled by an average politician, acting either as a mechanical medium for the transmission of Mr. Seward's despatches, or as a vent for the discharge of bunkum over the heads of the British public, we should have been at war with Great Britain long before the war with the Confederacy was over.

The appointment of Mr. Burlingame as Chinese ambassador, and the remarkable state of relations between this country and that great empire which we now witness, are due also to the personal qualities of the minister—qualities, we may add, of which Mr. Burlingame's previous career gave little indication. We do not think anybody at home is to be complimented on his perspicacity with regard to the appointment; but it has turned out well, and proved that all that Mr. Burlingame needed to distinguish himself was an opportunity. He has won from the Chinese Government an amount of confidence in himself such as it has never before accorded to a foreigner—and such, in fact, as no government has ever accorded to a foreigner—and has won with it its deep and cordial respect for his own country; and he has won it without giving the slightest umbrage to the representatives of other powers, and while retaining in the highest degree their confidence in his loyalty, integrity, and judgment. No despatches, no display of military or of naval power, no array of statistics, could have accomplished such a result as this. The opening of China to the outside world after thirty centuries of seclusion is an event of which the importance, no matter from what point of view we consider it, can hardly be overrated. It is in some respects equivalent to the discovery of a new continent; and that the empire should, on its entry into the family of civilized nations, adopt the United States as its friend and protector, is perhaps as high a compliment as any country has ever received. But whatever glory we have won by it, whatever profit we may gain from it, we owe to individual character, to the moral force that lies in the walk and conversation of a single public servant. The Chinese know nothing of Banks's speeches or "reports" or bills; they have seen no American fleets or armies; our hog returns and corn returns and population returns make little or no impression on them. In the contest of magnitudes, of numbers, and of bulk, we can produce nothing with which their eyes or imagination is not familiar. We have triumphed mainly because we were represented by an able and honest man.

The lesson is a very striking one, and we trust will not be forgotten. The value—we mean the commercial value—of good public servants was never better illustrated than in the two cases we have cited. We might make both of them stronger by going into greater detail, but greater detail is not necessary. The worse things go at home, the more the Secretary of State becomes a party leader, and the more carefully his despatches are prepared for home consumption, the more necessary will it be that our representatives abroad should have within themselves whatever resources are needful to save the national dignity and clothe the expression of the national will with grace and effect. The

dream of the Old War-Horses, that some day or other we shall suspend intercourse with all but the barbarous races of the world, cease to place any value on civilized communion, and, shut up within our own territory, feed our minds with the newspapers and our bodies with the fat of the land, without caring about what other people are doing or thinking, is a dream which is every day further and further from being realized. Nothing can ever now prevent us from playing a great part in the future of modern society, in influencing both its manners and ideas; and the larger the part we play, the more important will our diplomacy become.

#### LITERATURE OF THE SANCTUM.

ADDISON tells us he had observed that people seldom peruse a book with pleasure till they have learned certain particulars about its author, as whether he is married or a bachelor, of a fair or dark complexion, of a mild or choleric disposition, and so on. It is therefore that Mr. Spectator introduces himself to the public by giving it a brief description of his personal appearance, some account of his education and habits and social position, and an estimate of his character. Evidently he is laughing—if one can say that Addison laughs—at this weakness in the gentle reader, although it is altogether probable that *Miranda* and *Narcisse* and *Lydia* and the other ladies of quality were innocent of the joke. And they were somewhat excusable; they would have been even if a sense of humor were not one of the distinctions of sex. For the desire to know not merely what is taught us by our teachers, but also all about our teachers themselves, is but doubtfully a weakness, and if it be one, is one which is shared by all mankind. It was our young ladies, to be sure, who, fifteen years ago, grew fonder of "*True and I*" after Mr. Putnam had published an engraving on steel of Mr. Curtis; but then again it was not our young ladies but Mr. Carlyle who declared that this too were, in its way, a satisfactory thing, a thing not to be disregarded by the wiser Students of the Infinite—to know what manner of stockings were worn by the man Diderot, philosophe, on the legs of him; and also how the said Denis—"most cyclopedic head that ever existed"—made shift to procure, for the not uncyclopedic stomach of him, dinners. Doubtless Mr. Carlyle, as pictorial writer and student of humanity, has better reasons for his curiosity than any the young ladies can muster; still, he also and such as he are influenced to some extent by the same feeling as that which dominates the boarding-school. But few of us, it has been said, are the rational animals we all ought to be; sympathy is what most of us crave rather than wisdom or knowledge; and men in general, hearing about their instructors and prophets and heroes, are eager to hear not only their instruction and prophecy and the story of their great actions, but those things which show them to be members of the human family. So, whether or not he perceived the causes of the feeling which he gratified, Mr. Spectator was no doubt wise in telling his readers about his bashfulness, the shortness of his face, the gravity of his demeanor, and his other bodily and mental traits, and, while he laughed at it, enlisting in his favor the universal desire to know personally, if possible, those who advise and teach us.

Ever since his time his example has been closely followed; in his own country, to some extent, in ours to an extent perhaps as great. There was none of the "Guardians" and "Idlers" and "Connoisseurs" and "Ramblers" which did not take some steps in the path first marked out—first on English ground, at any rate—by Mr. Spectator and his friends Sir Roger, Sir Andrew, Will Honeycomb, and the rest of them. And a century later the example had not lost its force, for then occurred the most shining and successful instance of this imitation—Wilson invented the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," with Christopher North, at the head of the dining-table, ruling over long Mr. Tickler, O'Doherty Signifer, the semi-apocryphal Shepherd, Buller of Brazenose, the Opium Eater, and many more—a company not much surpassed, as we think, by the very best that periodical literature has created; indeed equal, rather than inferior, to Mr. Spectator's own club.

But, so far as we remember, there has been since Wilson's time almost nothing of the same sort in really respectable English periodical literature. We are never nowadays invited by English magazines of a good class to make the acquaintance of Tom So-and-so, who is a sad wag; or to chat awhile with the editor's old-time friend, the eccentric, frosty but kindly, humorist, Slowboye; or to drop in during the fortunate call of the fair correspondent—"whose name, reader, we are not going to reveal"—who is very apt to remind the editor—"heigho, we too were young"—of other blue eyes—"or were they gray? this editor, 'pon honor,

could never tell"—once bright and dancing, now, alas! etc.; or, to make one at those so enchanting assemblies when all the correspondents—fair, cynical, poetical, and waggish—old Slowboy and Pennyroyal and Dreigh Saulter and Alcie Biades and the rest—meet together in the editor's apartments, while the snow falls thick without, and lounge about in every attitude of ease, lightly tossing the joke from one to another, saying the most sparkling things, and basking in the ruddy glow of that remarkable coal-fire. "Do you remember," Alcie usually says on these occasions,—"do you remember what poor John Keats says about the small quivering flames plying through the thick-laid coal? And he died so young!" Slowboy does not know Keats. "Who's Keats?" he says. "Give me a good chestnut or hickory-wood fire." Then the editor says, "Pax, old grumbler. Shall the world stand still for thee? This 'solid core of heat,'" he says, for he knows the poets,—this 'solid core of heat,' what is it, thou materialist, but thy hickory and thy chestnut glorified? Yes, my Slowboy, thy forests are buried, and is it not as anthracite that they reappear in resurrection? But thou art dull for divine poesy." Then probably Slowboy surreptitiously wipes away a tear and silently grasps the editor's hand, for he has sentimental soft spots in his heart, but outwardly he preserves his ordinary grumness of countenance, and says, "Hang me, though, if I do n't see more of 'the divine sparks' on my own hearth." Then they all laugh, and the editor goes on: "Yes, poor John Keats," etc. At the end he doesn't mind whispering "into your ear, reader," that there were "cakes and ale," and that at the close of the evening they discovered they had been for half an hour smoking their havanas in dead silence, even Pennyroyal and Slowboy having been gazing pensively into the fire.

On this side of the water we once had great quantities of this anthracite literature. Much of it was directly in imitation of the "Noctes Ambrosianae"; much of it was directly in imitation of the great founders of the school; much of it indirectly in imitation of them, and directly copied after the very mild humor of the New York gentlemen who, when the century was young, were modelling themselves upon Addison and Steele and Goldsmith. We still have some of it left. There is no doubt that we are seeing the last of it, but it does yet linger among us. Both of the new magazines, for example, have an ominous tinge of it, and it is to be found, not so often as once, in some of the older ones. Perhaps in the first number of *Putnam's*, in the correspondence between Mr. Curtis and "Harry Franco," it may be seen when at its best, and in the first number of *Lippincott's* a little taste of it when not at its best may be got. In the *Northern Monthly* one is sure to find it in profusion and with all its peculiarities in a state of high development, as, for example, this specimen, no older, we regret to say, than the present month:

*"The apartment in —— street, heretofore described. At the library-table is seated the Editor, rapidly examining the loose slips of a little heap of manuscripts piled up on his left. Alcie Biades and Rhadie Minthus are each leaning, quite at their ease, against the carved black-walnut mantelpiece, the fragrant whirr of smoke, from their fresh-lighted havanas, half clouding them from view. A. L. B. (who has been pacing the floor slowly, his eyes fastened on a newly-purchased painting adorning the remoter wall), suddenly pauses at the back of the editorial easy-chair.*

*"A. L. B. (To the Editor.) Do you notice the sunlight on that hill? Never did a warmer sun play on the hillside of a New England landscape.*

*"THE EDITOR. Exquisite! a composition?"*

After much following talk, of a kind that may be imagined, the sitting is thus closed:

*"THE EDITOR. (Opening the missive.) Albie has relief at last. Here is word up that there is no room for a line more copy.*

*"(Immense and immediate applause, followed by excited congratulations, and a general lighting of fresh cigars. The room presently disappears in a cloud of tobacco smoke.)"*

Clubs were not flourishing in New York when the anthracite school arose and waxed, and for that reason alone, even if the set of contributors who met at Ambrose's had not been at the time more in harmony with popular taste and ideas than Captain Sentry and Will Honeycomb, and the other gentlemen of Sir Roger's club, the imitators of Wilson would easily have got the better of their opponents. At any rate, they did do so, and created for us that ideal sanctum with its "black-walnut mantelpiece," its "fragrant whirr of smoke," its "radiant grate," chandeliers, ottomans, easy-chairs, vases for manuscripts, and other signs and tokens of the more than Oriental magnificence amid which the editor's happy hours are charmed away amid melodious converse with his aids—being severally of light, airy dispositions, on whom life sits lightly, who carelessly and jauntily stroll through an admiring world. Their names usually typify this fortunate temper. It is Harry always with them, never Henry; Fanny Fern, Frank Forrester, and the

like. It is by these deceivers that young people in the country are seduced into embarking on the stormy surges of literary life. They have so often leaned gracefully against the blackest of black-walnut mantelpieces, richly carved, and so continually lighted fresh havanas, and so regularly worn out-and-out dressing-gowns, and so habitually do they while the happy hours givay in golden reverie before that bed of glowing coals, or in blithesome chat with the gifted poets and essayists of "Maga," that they have completely turned the heads of many young persons of both sexes. "Have," we said; it would be better to say "had." Railroads have pretty well killed this ideal editor, and he only drags out a semi-animate existence in some of the kinder magazines—or, we may say that he is wholly dead, and that it is only his ghost, soon to be laid, which still frequents its former favorite haunts. The railroads have carried him, *in propria persona*, to the lyceum platforms of every village and town in the country. Not many living editors, we may be sure, when young May Juniper or Jennie June lays eyes on them, as they clear their throats before the lecture, impress those ladies as persons who wear rich dressing-gowns and lead a dreamy existence on the hob of the grate. When next thereafter the young poetesses send in their verses to "Maga" it is with less awe than once they felt, and with a sad doubt if there is not a dash of fiction in the delightful account of the editorial existence. Once in a very great while an editor with flashing eye and hair tossed back from his brow may get up on the platform and make an "appeal" which, for a few moments, may make May Juniper doubt if after all there may not possibly be something in the dressing-gown and anthracite story; but it is only once in a very great while. The next course of lectures at the lyceum shows her more editors without flashing eyes and unredolent of any suggestions of the magnificent sanctum, and she perforce relapses into disbelief, and may well sigh at the increase of facilities for travel.

We do not grieve with her. So far as we now know our own mind, it is not a mild, benevolent pleasure that we take in this literature of the sanctum. To confess the truth, it seems a little flat to us, even in the pages of the "Spectator," and we may as well confess to a belief that when met with elsewhere, it is a pleasure only to some persons, and gives encouragement to rather cynical mirth on the part of people extremely wise.

#### PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN ITALY.

WHEN in 1865 Signor Natoli, then Minister of Public Instruction, published the first volume of statistics of public and private instruction in Italy for the scholastic years of 1862-3, the world wondered and Italy hung her head in shame to learn that out of a population of 22 millions 17 millions were totally illiterate, did not know their alphabet! The press discussed the figures in all their bearings; orators in Parliament apostrophized the Government; private philanthropists set on foot private schools; the Minister of Finance proposed that three millions should be at once handed over to the Minister of Public Instruction. All too soon the efficacious panic subsided. It was found, with justice, that the figures were exaggerated, that a comparison between the *analfabeti* and the entire population was absurd, that in the 17 millions were included four millions of infants below the age of four, who are illiterate in all nations, so that the real number of *analfabeti* must be reduced to 13 millions. Putting this plaster on its pride, the public soon regained its equanimity—war against Austria for the liberation of Venice was, it must be allowed, a far more exciting affair than the setting up of elementary and secondary schools, the training of teachers, the discovery of a method for making or inducing parents whose children could turn a penny to send them to school on the chance of thus ensuring greater gains in the future. So the three millions, or the greater portion of them, went into the coffers of the Minister of War; army and people marched northwards to learn among many other bitter lessons that the triumph of the Prussian hosts was not exclusively due to needle-guns nor to the strategical skill of generals, but also and above all to the superiority of her soldiers—that the Prussian "was intellectually superior to the Austrian, that hence he fought better, and better understood the necessary manœuvres." This lesson, as applicable to Italy as to Austria, has not been without its effects, and though at the present moment Italy still stands last in Europe on the educational map, below even Spain, progress is distinctly visible; we can say, with regard to public instruction, *eppur si muove*.

The second volume of statistics, published in 1866, during the time that Signor Berti was Minister of Public Instruction, shows an improvement on the preceding years. According to the law of 1859, elementary education is divided into two grades, inferior and superior, the former comprising religious teaching, reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Italian language; the latter, in addition to these branches, composition, book-keeping, ele-

mentary geography, elements of natural history and of the natural sciences—each course to occupy two years—no child under six to be inscribed as a regular pupil. Schools in which these courses can be gone through are, according to the law, to be established gratuitously in every commune. Even a village or fraction of a commune containing fifty children of either sex is bound to have at least an elementary school for the inferior course. Parents or guardians are bound to send their children to these schools or to prove that they are otherwise educated. If they fail, the commune scholastic commission is bound to reprove them, and if they continue impudent “to affix their names on the parish registers, and cause them to be read aloud by the parish priest in the parish church on the first Sunday of every month.” The law of March 2, 1863, confirms all these particulars, and renders it obligatory for the communes to provide the funds for the schools. Clearly, therefore, it is the intention of legislators that every child shall have a gratuitous elementary education. Let us see how their intentions are carried out. Taking all the existing schools—private and public, elementary of both classes—we have 31,804 (one private to four public, two female for three male). Taking the communes, 7,345 have all some sort of school, but 376 are still without any, male or female, public or private; 461 without public male schools; 1,884 without female, public or private. Taken as a whole, the number of the schools is not the most deficient part of the system. It is the attendance of the children at such schools as do exist that is so painfully disproportionate. Out of a population of 4,893,373 children but 1,307,217, or 27 per 100, attend the schools. To the advocates of wholesale administrative unification the following table may be dedicated. Taking the total number of schools in proportion to the whole population and entire superficies, we have one school on every eight kilometres and for every 667 inhabitants; but if we would ascertain the respective culture or ignorance of the provinces we must read thus:

PROVINCE.	SCHOOL PER INHABITANTS.	ATTENDANCE.
Piedmont,	One per 384	78 per cent.
Lombardy,	" 436	70 "
Liguria,	" 476	45 "
Tuscany and Marches,	" 667	27 "
Emilia,	" 715	31 "
Umbria and Sardinia,	" 833	24 "
Abruzzi, Calabria, Molise,	" 1,000	20 "
Puglie,	" 1,100	19 "
Basilicata Sicilia,	" 1,660	12 "

Clearly, some different system must be pursued to force the communes to establish schools in Sicily, Sardinia, and the Puglie and Abruzzi, and to induce parents to send their children, than is needed in Piedmont, Lombardy, or even Liguria, where, if the facilities offered and accepted for instruction are not perfect, they are at least equal to most other countries.

The increase on '63 is: for city schools, 27 per cent.; for rural schools, 3 per cent.; the attendance on the latter in summer is zero, and even in city schools is much diminished. Of infant schools we have 2,720, attended by 107,512 out of 1,665,136 infants between two and five years old; but they are chiefly sent to be “got out of the way,” and instruction is never expected and rarely given. Besides these there are 4,556 schools for adults, open either on Sundays or of an evening, attended by 164,570 adult pupils, and here the instruction is given and received *con amore*. Visiting some of the schools instituted by the Working-men's Association, I have been surprised at the eagerness of the pupils, the patient intelligence of the teachers, many of them professors and men of talent, who give their services to their illiterate townsmen gratuitously. But anything drearier than the routine of the elementary schools can hardly be imagined—certainly could not be tolerated an hour in America, whence I brought away a vivid impression of the “black-board system,” the “object system,” the singing classes, gymnastic exercises, the honest emulation between child and child, and the cordial feelings between pupil and teacher, which seemed to make both their lives pleasure. Here, instead, all that the girls seem to get out of school is a knowledge of the catechism and needle-work. The boys seem to learn nothing but mischief; they have books out of which they learn by rote, and understand nothing; “calligraphy” seems the master's forte—certainly not orthography, as I have seen letters from boys who have passed their examination in the second class of the superior course with almost a mistake in each word. The worst of it is, that one and all hate the schools; the poor children play truant as much as possible; the children of the richer classes, who must get an examination certificate in order to pass on to the lyceums and gymnasiums, generally get tutors at home to cram them at the last hour—a system bad enough in colleges and universities, far worse when adopted for the rudiments. But even here efforts are being made. The much-lamented Natoli, who lost his life in tending his countrymen at

tackled by cholera, rendered great services in promoting normal schools, of which there are 135, attended by 7,083 pupils, of which we are glad to see that 4,365 are females, as they make, by universal consent, the best teachers. Other ministers have proposed, and Parliament has voted, medals and prizes for such teachers as distinguish themselves in bringing forward their pupils and in increasing their numbers. Good-will exists, but system is wanting.

The minister of public instruction, a Mancini, a Matteucci, a Natoli, toils for a couple of years, let us say, to rescue the children from the hands of the priests, shut up the seminaries, and restrict their office to the instruction of children destined for the priesthood; then succeeds a Berti, who reopens the seminaries and allows the teachers of those that remain closed to populate the lay schools. Or Matteucci proposes the system of inspectors—an admirable system when their independence can be ensured—and succeeds partially in introducing it. His successor abolishes it, and so on to the end of the chapter. The abolition of a minister of public instruction in Italy has been already mooted. As soon as the Parliament can condescend to ordinary work, a new law on public instruction is to be proposed and this question raised. On the issue will depend much of the educational future of the Italians.

Of the secondary instruction of lyceums, colleges, and universities we may speak in another article. Senator Matteucci has just published in two volumes all his articles on the subject. When we are told that many of the pupils admitted to the university examinations with diplomas from the lyceums as often as not “speak bad grammar,” one can but feel that the elementary and secondary instruction is, after all, the most important subject for present consideration in Italy.

W. M.

## Correspondence.

### COPYRIGHT AND PATENT RIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The article “Authors versus Readers,” in the *Nation* of Feb. 20, seems to confuse two very different things—viz., patent and copyright. Mr. Carey considered both from the point of view appropriate only to the patent; his critic places both on the basis of the copyright.

The considerations which justify patent laws are as follows: An idea may be patented, but there can be no copyright in it. It ceases to be the peculiar property of its author the moment it is communicated to others, and the conferring of a patent is virtually the purchase of an idea by society. For example, suppose a community in the habit of collecting fruit by climbing the trees or by shaking them; the former is troublesome, the latter injures the fruit. Brown invents a combination of bag and scissors on the end of a pole, by which the fruit can be readily plucked without bruising it. He makes a machine, others see it, the idea is communicated to them, it is no longer his alone, and they have a right to use it. But suppose that, instead of showing his machine, he tells his neighbors what it will accomplish, and offers to show it for five dollars. They may pay the money, and so purchase the invention, or they may say: “We don't know what your invention is worth, but we will pay you in such a way that the utility of the idea will regulate the price. For fifteen years we will give you twenty-five cents for every such machine we use.” The bargain is completed; Brown shows his model, and the idea ceases to be his at that moment; society pays him in instalments. There you have a patent.

Now for the copyright. When an author writes a book, he incorporates in it his labor in finding ideas and giving them form, and the product is as much his own as any other product is the property of the producer. If several men carry water from a pond to a city, they incorporate their labor into the water transported, and no one denies that that water is theirs. They may keep it during their lives and pass it down to their heirs, or they may sell it. The water may be pure and good to drink so that people will buy it, or it may be impure and worthless so that no service is rendered to society, and no one will buy the water; but, pure or impure, the water belongs to the carrier who brought it. The case of the author is parallel. The form of expression which represents his labor is his property; it is his by right for ever, unless he chooses to sell it. To take it from him is a theft. The book may be worthless to society, so that no one will read it; but, worthless or not, it is the author's own property. The only distinction between the two products is that the labor of the water-carrier is incorporated with the material, so that he must own the material if he owns anything. In the case of the author, however, the material may be separated from that which represents his labor. The form

is the author's; the ideas are not. Euclid had a right to his book on geometry, but no more right than has Professor Loomis to his geometry, though the former invented new ideas, and the latter did not.

Now, if any one says that a thinker should be paid for the truths he discovers, we need not dispute that. Euclid might have refused to communicate his ideas except for a compensation. So long as they were known only to him, they were his alone. Society might have paid him down a sum of money for them, or might have paid him a royalty for fifteen years on every book which made use of the ideas. There would be no injustice in a patent law which should pay for inventions in science as well as in the arts. The reason why we have no such patent law is that society, like any other purchaser, does not care to pay for what people are willing to give freely.

The distinction, then, between patent and copyright is this: A patent is the price paid by society for a service rendered. Copyright is the natural right of an author to the product of his labor. A copyright law should not be regarded as conferring compensation on an author for a service rendered to society, but as a penal law, prohibiting others from stealing what is the author's own property as much as his coat or his watch. The theft of a book should be esteemed and treated like any other theft.

It is needless to add that this right in a book never expires; that a law which allows others to copy the book after ten, forty, or any number of years, is unjust; and, finally, that the law should forbid the stealing of foreign books as well as those of native authors; for, if it fails to do this, it winks at piracy.

A. E. W.

[The distinction made by "A. E. W." is a just one, though whether it be universally so will depend on the nature of any given patent. The article "Authors *versus* Readers" was, however, intended to apply to copyright alone, and in so far as copyright was confounded with patent right the confusion was unintentional.—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

IT is announced that Messrs. Lee & Shepard will receive subscriptions for a pamphlet, to be published if a sufficient number of subscriptions are received, containing seven articles by Mrs. C. H. Dall on "Bunsen's Egypt." They are the articles which have already been published in the *Friend*, the *Radical*, and other periodicals.—Roberts Brothers will issue a new book by Jean Ingelow, "A Sister's Bye-Hours."—Fitzpatrick & Hunter, of this city, announce "The Architect's and Builder's Guide," by John D. Kennion. It will describe a great number of buildings recently erected in New York and other cities.—The Historical Society of Pennsylvania will issue "The Correspondence of William Penn and Family with James Logan—1700-1750." The work will comprise two volumes, and will be edited by Edward Armstrong, Esquire.—The Catholic Publication Society announce "Problems of the Age," a series of papers which the Rev. Mr. A. F. Hewit wrote for the *Catholic World*.—J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, will publish a reprint of Arthur Helps's "Life of Las Casas" and Dyer's "History of the Kings of Rome," the latter being a book creditable to English scholarship. The same house will soon have ready Dixon's "Spiritual Wives."—G. W. Carleton & Co. intend issuing a new novel by John Esten Cooke.—H. Longstreth, of Philadelphia, finds it necessary to publish a new edition of Maria Webb's "Penns and Penningtons," and will also issue another edition of "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall," a novel by the same author.—Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, announce as ready Doctor Howard Malcolm's "Theological Index; or, Reference to the Principal Works in all Departments in Religious Literature." The work embraces nearly seventy thousand citations, alphabetically arranged under two thousand heads, and has occupied nearly all of its author's life. It is intended for the working clergy, and adds one to the number of books that a man must have on peril of having an incomplete library.

—Magazines printed in phonography are not uncommon in England and not unknown in the United States, the two countries where the newspaper press is most flourishing and enterprising. It is some years, however, we are informed, since any periodical of this class has been published in America. Presumably there is need of something of the sort, and Mr. James E. Munson, of this city, undertakes to supply the want with the *Monthly Phonographic Magazine*. The first number is before us, and is a little pamphlet of sixteen pages. The title, table of contents, advertisements, and so forth, on the covers, are printed in alphabetical characters

in the ordinary way, but the body of the magazine will surprise the uninitiated reader who takes it up. Mr. Munson's promise that it will not be made "a medium for promulgating isms" strikes one as comical and easy to keep; it is wholly printed in phonographic signs, except the titles of the articles, which are in script. So far as concerns these latter we can answer for the editor's abstinence from peculiar theories in religion and morals. "David Copperfield learning Short-hand" is one of them; "Historical Sketch of Short-hand" is another, and the rest are, "The School the Hope of Phonography," "Phonographic Reading in England," "Dumb Men's Speech," and "Colton's Journal of Geography." They are all printed on stout white paper by the photo-lithographic process, and the page is a very pretty one. The magazine is, of course, meant for persons who have already made some advancement in phonography, and to such learners it must be an aid of very considerable value. It is like a collection of easy reading to one who is studying a foreign language, and the youths throughout the country whom Mr. Parton has filled with the inappeasable desire of becoming Horace Greeley and has driven to the study of the "Complete Phonographer," will no doubt be helped on their way by the new magazine.

—Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, reports for the Library Committee of the House "a bill for securing to authors in certain cases the benefit of international copyright, advancing the development of American literature, and promoting the interests of publishers and book-buyers in the United States." A part of the committee's report consists of an argument in favor of the principle of international copyright. It is forcible, though no new facts are used and nothing of its force is derived from anything felicitous in the manner of its presentation. But next to nothing is to be said on the other side. Then comes the bill, the substance of which we lay before our readers, with the hope that it may evoke whatever discussion of its provisions is necessary. It is to be feared that there will be quite time enough before it passes the House and the Senate for a deal of argumentation for it and against it, and for the consideration of numerous amendments. It is provided—1st, That any foreigner who shall be author of any book, map, chart, dramatic work, or musical composition that may be published abroad after the act goes into operation, or who shall invent, design, engrave, make or cause to be made from his own design any print or engraving, and the executors, etc., of such foreigner, shall have the same rights as regards the multiplication and sale of his works as now are, or hereafter may be, granted to authors and artists who are citizens of the United States. Provided, of course, that the foreign country grants the same rights to authors and artists of this country. 2d, The privileges above granted are conditional on the fact that all the editions of the work republished in this country be manufactured here and issued by publishers who are American citizens. Section third relates to translations. If the work of the foreigner is first published abroad, and he reserves the right of translation, he may have the benefit of the act on these conditions: that he register his work in the clerk's office of some of our district courts, and deposit a copy in the Library of Congress within four months after the publication of the original; that he announce in the title-page of the original his reservation of the right of translation; that within six months after such registration he offer his book to some American publisher, and the whole or a part of it be published here; that every edition of it be wholly manufactured here and published by an American house. Some of these provisions as regards translations seem unnecessarily strict; especially the third one. Section four lays down regulations for the author of books published abroad and republished here without translation. He must deposit a copy in the Library of Congress, and it must be a copy of the best foreign edition of the work; he must register it here within three months after its publication abroad, and also within three months after arrangements have been made *bond fide* with some American publisher; if his book is issued in parts, the same formalities are necessary in the case of each part. The bill is somewhat loosely worded, and as it is highly probable that a good deal of litigation will take place under any international copyright law that we may have, and as the property that will be in question is of a nature that rather easily eludes the ordinary juryman's comprehension, it might be well if persons interested in the bill were to aid the committee with some sound advice.

—The official literature of the city of New York, from messages and speeches by the mayor down to the "Corporation Manual," is not as a rule triumphantly good, nor is that of the Metropolitan Police District, and the Annual Report of the Board for the year 1867 is no exception to the general law. It is ill-arranged and in every way inelegant; it is almost oblivious of the science of statistics, and may properly be criticised harshly as being unworthy of the city, and inferior to documents of the same class published elsewhere. Still it seems to be honestly prepared—Commissioner T. C.

[Feb. 27, 1868]

Acton had the management of the matter—and it contains a deal of information interesting to New Yorkers, and much, of course, that is valuable to sociologists. We learn from it this among other things, that during the year ending on the 31st of October last the number of Americans, whites and colored persons, arrested within the limits of the District was 27,156; of English people, 2,764; of Scotch, 970; of Germans, 9,460; of Irish, more than any of these, and nearly as many as all of them put together—namely, 38,128. Of the Americans arrested, rather less than one-third were women, and the same thing is true of the Scotch. Among the English and the people of the British Provinces the women were not quite half as numerous as the men; among the Irish there were more than one-half as many women as men. It is true, too, that among colored Americans the proportion of women to men among criminals is greater than in the case of their white countrymen and women. It is about the same as among our resident English, and not so high as it is among the Irish. The total number of arrests made by the police within the year was 80,532, an average of 46 for each officer, or not quite one a week. Some of the other duties which the department is called on to perform make an odd figure in the report. For example, it has caused the removal of 6,198 dead dogs and cats, of 4,417 dead horses, of 5 deer, of 189 goats, of 423 "bobs," whatever they are—calves, we believe—of 21,500 unsound eggs, and of 256,370 pounds of bad meat, fish, and poultry. The officers during the year have found open and unprotected no less than 5,907 buildings. In the seven years from 1861 to 1867, the citizens gave to burglars 31,170 opportunities for entering stores and dwelling-houses; and this carelessness appears to be increasing; there were more than twice as many cases last year as there were in 1861. Commissioner Acton defends the excise law by statistical tables of arrests made on Sundays and on Tuesdays in eleven months of last year. In November there were four Sundays and four Tuesdays, the arrests on those days respectively numbered 186 and 401, and the case was the same throughout the year. In the thirteen months during which the law has been in operation the arrests on Tuesdays number 6,021; those made on Sundays number 2,514. Before the enactment of the law the Sunday arrests always exceeded those of Tuesday. Very many other points of the report might well be noticed. We make room for some figures from the sub-report on the ferries. Mr. Coffee says that the whole number of passengers who have come into and gone out of New York on ferry-boats during the year is 79,925,000. His figures look suspicious, and are evidently "estimated," by whom we do not know—the companies, perhaps. The five Brooklyn ferries consolidated by the Union Ferry Company are set down as carrying half of this eighty millions of passengers; next comes the Jersey City Ferry Company, whose boats, connecting with the railroads of the West and South, carry 13,000,000; and next the Hoboken Ferry Company, which carries 5,300,000. "The death rate," says Mr. Coffee, "is less on the New York ferries than in any place in the known world where so great a number are on the move. They are safer than stages, railroads, steamships, or any other conveyance in my knowledge." This may be true enough, but Mr. Coffee evidently does not know of all the accidents that occurred on ferry-boats last year, for he leaves some out of his report. We must quote from him an observation which seems to us as remarkable an instance of liberality in the official mind as we have heard of recently. "Several of the ferries," he says, "have adopted the system of closed gates to prevent passengers in egress or ingress meeting on the boat or bridge. This I believe to be of doubtful benefit to passengers, the annoyance being greater than the risk of personal safety, which risk I believe every one entitled to take for themselves."

—Among English books issued or to be issued we notice these: In the "Bayard Series" of Low, Son & Marston—a very pretty and, even in this country, very cheap little set of very good books—the publishers intend to include Beckford's "Vathek." Other volumes to follow will be Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," Coleridge's "Lyrical Poems," "The Cavalier Ballads of England," and "Table-Talk of Napoleon." It seems a pity that the publishers intend to stray into poetry, as thus it cannot but happen that their series will have an incompleteness which might have been in a great measure avoided.—The new edition of Lamb's works has been entrusted, Mr. Welford says in the *Book-Buyer*, to some person so devoid of the sense of literary congruity that if the critics do not influence the publishers to stop him he is going to let George Augustus Sala write the "Introductory Essay."—Mr. Richard Henry Major, head of the Geographical Department in the British Museum Library, has just published a book which condenses the labor of a lifetime of research. Its title is as follows: "The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator; and its Results, comprising the Discovery, within One Century, of Half the World, with new facts in the Discovery of the Atlantic Islands; a Refutation of French Claims to Priority in Discovery; Portuguese Knowl-

edge (subsequently lost) of the Nile Lakes, and the History of the Naming of America, from Authentic Contemporary Documents; Illustrated with Portraits, Maps, etc." including a beautiful illumination of Prince Henry, from a unique original MS. Mr. Welford tells us as an instance of the services rendered to literature by the poor, despised book-collector, that Mr. Major searched long in vain to find a book which Hakluyt, three centuries ago, strove in vain for twelve years to find. It was Antonio Galvão's "Treatise on the Discoverer of the World" (Lisbon, 1555). Mr. Major was fortunate enough to meet at last with a copy of the work, and he found it not in the great libraries of Europe, but in the library of Mr. John Carter Brown, of Providence, a collector of books illustrative of American history.—Mr. Kinglake's third and fourth volumes of the "Crimean War" are now passing through the press. Murray, Mr. Welford says, when the book was offered to him, proposed to print but a thousand copies of it. This, though the author of "Eothen" had a name. The actual publishers, Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, have already sold between eleven and twelve thousand volumes of the book, in its expensive octavo form, and in this country also its sale, though probably less, and doubtless less profitable, has been large.—It is unlikely that the state of Count Montalembert's health will permit of the completion of his "Monks of the West" on the scale which he at first had in mind. Mrs. Oliphant's translations of the fourth and fifth volumes have appeared, and the work stands finished. They include the Christianization of England.—Apropos of the promise of a four-volume standard edition of Tennyson's complete works, which is to be revised by the author, and to contain notable additions, the *Book-Buyer* tells us that *Good Words* has agreed to give the Laureate two thousand pounds for twelve poems, to be furnished monthly during the current year. For "The Victim," then, we are to suppose that he got over eleven hundred dollars in greenbacks. As Mr. Tennyson had a poem in the January *Once a Week*, and another in the February *Macmillan*, it looks as if he were becoming a regular writer for the periodical press. Among the rest of the current gossip about the poet is the report that he gets all his publishing done for a commission of fifteen per cent, which to a good man of business like him must have its satisfactions.

#### MOTLEY'S NETHERLANDS.\*

THE Netherlands are obliged to Mr. Motley, and he to the Netherlands. No other subject, so little worn, promised more to an admirer of stubborn heroism who is fearless of hard work. And, on the other hand, no country was in sharper need of a foreign historian. It has lost the leading place it had conquered for itself. Its comparatively unknown language and vernacular literature have failed to redeem its geographical littleness and to check its descent from distinction to respectability. Something more than two hundred years ago quaint old Fuller advised his countrymen, if they would see much in a little, to "travel the Low Countries. Holland is all Europe, in an Amsterdam print, for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury; learning war, and traffic." Something less than one hundred years ago Mr. John Adams, in Holland on public duty, described the country as the most curious, the people as the most incomprehensible, and the constitution of government as the most singular in the world. And now Mr. Grant Duff tells us of a person of some position in London who asked a Dutch gentleman the name of the "present stadholder." Such a country may be grateful to a writer who translates its fame into more current speech, and holds up its early honors to the admiration of his fellow-citizens.

In the two volumes now before us, Mr. Motley closes his history where Grotius closed his: with the making of that truce for twelve years which virtually owned, though it did not seal, the independence of the United Provinces. The period covered by these volumes extends from 1590 to 1609. It boasts of no hero of the stature of William the Silent; and no Invincible Armada is there "to come, see, and perish." But the essential elements of the history survive, and some new actors cross the stage. The last exploits of the Prince of Parma, the sudden but ripe generalship of Prince Maurice, and the outburst of Spinola's martial renown give free play to the author's descriptive powers. Barneveldt's strong hand is still on the helm, and Philip, living and dead, comes up for reiterated doom. The crown of England passes from Tudor to Stuart, and that of France has just passed from Valois to Bourbon.

The moral dimensions of the strife between the United Provinces and Spain were out of all proportion to the diminutive area in which for the

\* "History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609. By J. L. Motley." In four volumes. Vols. III and IV. Portraits. Svo, pp. vii., 632. New York: Harper and Brothers.

most part it was carried on. The struggle was so far a test, on which was staked the success of Philip's grasping and grinding policy, that failure to subdue the Netherlands was fatal to the vision of universal empire. Emancipation of the Low Countries was, more or less, emancipation of Europe. This fact is the key-note of Mr. Motley's theme. It gives a central character to the outlying flat, not twice as large as Massachusetts, which a war of forty years could not conquer, and it justifies the writer in bringing within the frame of his map a considerable tract of adjoining history. The sovereigns of England and France, in the attitude of anxious observers, keen calculators, or cautious auxiliaries, form a background to the civic aristocrats of the young republic.

Mr. Motley's merits are too well and too popularly known to need or to warrant formal eulogy. His capital quality is the sustained interest he takes in the men and the deeds he describes. Even where he dislikes, he does not allow himself to grow weary. This interest of his own he imparts to his readers; and when he throws himself into a campaign, he enlists them to fight it through. While many a chapter gives proof of hard reading in unpublished manuscripts and in rare or little used books in all the main languages of Europe, he never claims an audience till he has shaken off the dust. The reader, when he lays down one of his volumes, is sure that he has been with real men and in the heat of real action. The account of Maurice's surprising victory at Nieuport, of the three years' siege of Ostend, of the heroic voyage of Barendz, or even (in spite of its disagreeable details) of Philip's sickness and death, are striking instances of narrative power. Mr. Motley has a passion for freedom, and exerts himself to kindle a like enthusiasm in others.

The mere selection of a subject emphasizes that subject, and nearness seems to magnify men and events. And there are portions of history in which an epic flavor is inherent. Mr. Motley is not insensible to this. He is generous to his own; but he would not, therefore, be niggardly to others. He would give all their due; though possibly, here and there, his Dutchman (as he ought to do) turns the better penny. We get, for instance, at sufficient length, Sully's special strictures on the English character; but Mr. Motley unconsciously overlooks the paragraph in which the Frenchman's sharp eye takes the measure of Dutch, English, and other *esprits du Nord* alike. So, too, when, in introducing the very interesting narrative of the voyages of the Dutch in quest of a North-eastern passage, he says that "the expedition [in 1594] set forth towards those unknown Arctic seas which no keel of Christendom had ever ploughed," he appears to claim for his hardy friends a chronological precedence to which they are not altogether entitled. In a later voyage we learn that Barendz, in lat. 73°, deemed himself to be near Sir Hugh Willoughby's land. That brave man had perished forty years before in a similar enterprise.

Mr. Motley says (rather hyperbolically, considering the extent and diversity of Philip's dominions) that his theme down to 1598 has been the reign of Philip II. But French and English history come in for a large share of his labors; and, on the whole, having to take note of scenes and events of such range and variety, the author has held the threads of his narrative with no little skill. Out of the Low Countries the prominent figures are Philip II. and Henry IV., gloomy and gladsome. Philip's ghost knew well what to expect from his judge. No false hopes had been held out; and here we have the sentence: "If there are vices—as possibly there are—from which he was exempt, it is because it is not permitted to human nature to attain perfection in evil." And elsewhere he says that, if Philip had been living when Spinola was winning victories for him, "he would have felt it his duty to make immediate arrangements for poisoning him." Certainly, in this case, a potential indictment is quite superfluous. The dying bigot asked for little favor; but even Mr. Motley, as man, if not as judge, is touched by "the perfect gentleness" to others and perfect resignation in himself which he showed in the agonies of fearful pain. In how "great degree" this was to be ascribed to an "internal conviction of general righteousness" may be doubtful; so far as it goes it may pass for one sign of grace. Of Henry IV. the judgment is less stern, but it is hardly more favorable. No attempt is made to draw a complete portrait of him. In truth, it is all but impossible. The pencil is baffled by the artless and artful changes of the features. Such a paradox appears the man himself that it would almost seem as if only paradoxes could expound him. In a few sagacious sentences Burke has struck off a rapid sketch of his public character; and a recent French writer (not alone of that mind, even in France) suggests that the one thing he wanted was "cette exquise faculté, qu'on appelle la conscience." Mr. Motley meets him from time to time, and seldom lets him go without adding a stroke to the canvas. The strokes are often happy, though here and there, it may be, somewhat too full. Thus we read: "He would have cut off the head of D'Aubigné or Duplessis Mornay

to gain an object." Another potential crime, which makes Henry a monster He was hardly that. Our author is not blinded to Henry's genius by his faults and vices, nor does he accept the genius in abstraction of the faults and vices. Nowhere, indeed, so far as we are aware, does he trifle with moral responsibility.

In these volumes the rights of historical students are not forgotten. Mr. Motley conscientiously lays down his authorities, thus subjecting himself to a test of his fidelity and ability, and smoothing the way to independent investigation. He uses them, so far as we are able to judge, very honorably. Perhaps, at times, too much of involuntary inference enters the text with the testimony, but not, we believe, in an unfair or sophistical spirit. Sully's "Mémoires" being an easily accessible book, we have compared the original with Mr. Motley's account of that famous man's mission to England. We find here the summaries and reductions excellent in the main, though some slight liberties have been taken. In both volumes the copious "Relations of the Venetian Ambassadors," now recognized as a fertile source of information, have been freely and profitably used. Mr. Motley has not neglected such statistics as could be drawn from these and other observers, though we think that, in one or two cases, unreconciled discrepancies are not explained.

Mr. Motley's best style is singularly animated and energetic. He conducts a siege or fights a battle as if he were there. Many of his portraits are thrown off with great spirit; and he can hold and exhibit with success a course of affairs. He transfers his readers from topic to topic, from region to region, and from land to sea, by natural and well varied transitions. He is never at a loss for words, and his words are very often pithy and nervous. But he does not keep his style faithfully up to its best. His taste is strangely capricious and intermittent. Without flagging for an instant he goes through the three years' siege at Ostend, and then dismisses it with a picture that is simply provoking. He can descend to fine, to smart, and to flat writing. Often his wit is not terse, his satire not forcible, and he too seldom practises that economy of expression which suggests a reserve of thought, and is the best compliment to the reader's intelligence. Some of his sentences are incredibly below his capacity and his reputation. It needs no purist to wonder at such words as these: "Aged counsellors justified themselves in a solemn consumption of time such as might have exasperated Jared or Methuselah in his boyhood," "Subterranean regions where the effluvia of falsehood becomes (l) almost too foul for ordinary human organization," and "What if it were found out that we were all fellow-worms together, and that those which had crawled highest were not necessarily the least slimy." Some of these defects are more apparent as he approaches the confines of historical philosophy. His style often lacks the sure balance and firm texture suited to a vehicle of solid and steady thought. Nor is it backed, at least in the regions of reflection, by powerful imagination. There is too much of exaggeration and declamation. This is the more to be regretted, because it takes from the fair effect of the generous and manly principles which run through his work. What, for instance, is gained to the cause of peace, of which the author is a staunch friend, or for science, which he is celebrating in a highly elaborate paragraph, by saying that "the most enlightened of peoples are now broken up into warring tribes of internece savages"? And in an interesting sketch of Barneveldt, how much light is thrown on him or on anything by the statement that "his perceptions as to eternal necessity in all healthy governments taught him that comprehensible relations between the state and the population were needful to the very existence of a free commonwealth"? We venture to dwell a little on these blemishes, because they set an example of the very sort most likely to be followed, especially in this country, by writers without a tinge of Mr. Motley's knowledge, sense, or power.

One word more. In dealing with opinion the historian has a double duty; he has to maintain, as it were, a double consciousness; he must think in the present, and he must think as in the past. Mr. Motley often summons the past to the bar of the present—a perfectly fair proceeding. But we are not sure that he sufficiently admits in mitigation of sentence the plea that the past was once the present. He tells us of "the long, hideous, senseless massacres, called the wars of religion." Too true, in a modern sense; but one might ask, as it has been asked, what could the Huguenots do but fight?

No one who has ever read the proof-sheets of a book is ignorant of the extreme difficulty of avoiding errors of detail. And he who writes a book must be painfully sensible of the difficulty. We may, without captious criticism, point out a few errata. It was not the Duke of Lorraine, but the Duke of Bavaria, who won the Battle of Prague in 1620. The year 1600 was not the first year of the seventeenth century. The Turks are not pagans. Aldebaran is in the Bull, not out of it. Egotism, in the sense of the

French *égoïsme*, is not yet naturalized. And the "odoriferous pistil," that was "the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate wars," was a flower-bud, and it was not "the growth of a particular gillyflower." The clove is not the clove-gillyflower.

Mr. Motley informs us that he is now engaged on the history of the Thirty Years' War. He has somewhere called it a "war of demons." The task will be long and arduous. We could have wished that he might give us the century of Dutch history between the Twelve Years' Truce and the Peace of Utrecht. But now we can only hope that he may find all the years in store for him that he will need to bring him to the goal. In the Dutch section of his new history he will be hurried at once into the tempest of political and theological hate that brought Barneveld to the scaffold. But the name of Grotius will lead a line of distinguished natives and sojourners, and we may look for greater detail in the biography of men of letters and science than was possible while the stormy struggle for national existence was the engrossing theme. We must beg Mr. Motley to remember that in America we have not reached the manufacture of popular historical atlases. The map of Germany has been revolutionized since the seventeenth century; his readers will need help from charts, plans, and tables. He has hitherto been too sparing of these assistances. His next history will be obscure without them; as obscure as chapters of Mr. Bancroft's last volume are to men not used to Brooklyn Heights or the Bronx Valley, and who did not know the name of Suyten-Duyvil before it became an offence to ears polite.

#### THE DERVISHES.\*

WE know nothing of Mr. Brown except what we learn from this book and what we learned by reading some poems of his which have appeared in we forget what newspapers. In the poetry there was nothing attractive, and in the volume before us what there is that is attractive is, most of it, not to be credited to Mr. Brown. On a very taking subject he has made a book which is to be called badly made, and which, when in parts it is good, is good mainly by reason of the labors of other men. Not that he himself does not bring new facts to light; apparently he is in possession of information out of which most men of any pretensions to literary ability would have made a book which not only would have answered the requirements of a popular work, but would have had authoritative weight. Setting aside his want of ability as a thinker and the badness of his style, two faults of which are constant bad grammar and occasional ignorance of the meaning of common words, he writes so very confusedly as regards the general arrangement of his matter, is so incapable of distinguishing the important from the utterly trivial in the facts which he has gathered together, that we do not know when we have read a book more tantalizingly unsatisfactory. The obligations to other authors to which we have referred Mr. Brown acknowledges in his preface; and in the body of the work in every case where he borrows from previous investigators he gives them full credit. But the book might have been a very great deal more than he has made it—namely, a bad compilation, rather dry and useless, made with considerable honesty to be sure, to which is joined in a very unworkman-like manner some little information got at first-hand. Still, whatever it may be relatively to what it might have been, it is nevertheless a work of some value and interest, a book which to almost all general readers of good books will be neither uninstructive nor unpleasing. For it contains, quoted from M. D'Ohsson, a good historical account of Dervishism as it exists in the Ottoman Empire; a description, quoted from Mr. Lane, of those performances whereby the Egyptian Dervishes obtain most popular applause and most strike the attention of the mere traveller; a very clear account, quoted from Ubicini, of the Dervish faith, particularly as it differs from that of the Mohammedan; some translations of Dervish writings made by Mr. Brown himself, and a good deal of miscellaneous information, also from Mr. Brown, on the modes of initiation into the various orders, the Dervish costume and its meaning, the traditions of some of the orders, and so on. Mr. Brown's part of the book may be found valuable by future writers; to the present reader the part of it from which he will learn most and which he will like best is the large part written by the writers above-mentioned, and, beside these, by Sir William Jones, Malcolm, the historian of Persia, and other travellers and orientalists of real ability and real acquirements.

A few words about the Dervishes may not be unacceptable to our readers. It seems that there are twelve principal orders, and that the lesser orders are much more numerous, some writers reckoning them at

sixty, some at a hundred. They are spread over all Mohammedan countries, most being gathered into tekkehs or monasteries—to each of which belong as affiliated members many persons who live in their own dwellings and pursue their regular callings—a few wandering from city to city without fixed abode. The germ of all these societies is found in that association of forty-five citizens of Mecca who, in the first year of the Hegira, joined themselves with an equal number of citizens of Medina, and formed a fraternity having for its principal points of doctrine community of property, strict allegiance to the Prophet, and the daily observance of certain religious ceremonies. Soofees they called themselves. Of course the idea of such fraternities is older than Islamism, and so consonant is it with the peculiar character of the Eastern people that, though Mohammed said in a famous sentence, "No monastery in Islamism," it was not long before Islam was overspread by communities of Mussulman monks. Even Ali and Abu Bekir, relatives and contemporaries of the Prophet himself, each established one of them. The vast majority of all the orders trace their descent from the congregation of Ali. To give anything like an account of the distinctive character of the various orders, their different ceremonies, the dress peculiar to each, with the symbolical meaning of its parts, would be a work of great difficulty and little profit. Mr. Brown, we should say, has done this better, has given fuller details of the history of each sect, than any other author.

Of the doctrines held by the Dervishes it may be said in general that, as seen from the outside, they consist in an excellent system of morality, in the inculcation of religious practices entirely in harmony with the teachings of the Koran, and of exercises—dancing, howling, sword-swallowing, eating of live coals, musical performances, and so on—which were once held to be infractions of the law of the Prophet, but which are now everywhere accepted. But there is another view to be taken of their belief—a view not obtained from the outside nor even by all Dervishes. There seems to be taught by some, at any rate, if not by all, of the sheikhs—and to some, if not to all, of their followers—a secret as well as a public system of belief. According to the latter, the description of the true Dervish is this:

"When it is asked what Dervish means, the reply is, 'One who asks nothing of any creature; and to be as submissive as the earth which is trodden upon by the feet; to serve others before yourself; to be contented with little; to do neither good nor evil; to abandon all desires; to divorce even his wife; to submit hourly to all occurrences of misfortune and accident; not to drink wine nor to lie; not to commit fornication; not to touch what does not belong to you; to know the true and the false, and to restrain the tongue and speak little.'"

But when the novice has been proved, has practised the virtues above enjoined, has by austerities and mystical contemplation annihilated his individuality and purged his spiritual eyes, then, it is said, he is taught to dispense with the Koran, and to reduce his belief to mysticism, to believe that ecstatic communication with God is something within his own power, and to think of morality as a thing indifferent. "Purity, impurity, slowness, precipitation—all these distinctions are beneath Me," one of the sheikhs makes God say to Moses; and the Sheikh Bayazid cried out in the midst of his disciples, "Glory to me; I am above all things"—a form of words which, in the mouths of the Orientals, is applied to God alone. "O my master!" a disciple said to Jelâl ed Deen er Roomee, the founder of the "Dancing Dervishes,"—"O my master! you have completed my doctrine by teaching me that you are God, and that all is God." Many such passages might be quoted showing how different from the Mohammedanism of the Ulama is the faith of the Dervish. Pantheism, identification of God with the individual mystic, the exemption of the perfect from the chains of morality—which are only for the imperfect—the denial of submission to any authority except that of the Sheikh, the emptiness of positive religions and the allegorical character of all their dogmas—these are the tenets which seem to be held by the Dervish sects. Their identity with those of Indian mysticism and much modern quietism and transcendentalism is apparent. Metempsychosis also they believe in, and, as may be supposed, they are consistent fatalists.

Reading which most readers will find fresher and more interesting than to learn that the esoteric teachings of the Dervishes are Brahminical in character, are some of the stories which Mr. Brown's book tells us about the thaumaturgy of the Dervishes and their performance of feats similar to those with which the Convulsionists of Saint Medard once astonished France. And more interesting than that are his details in regard to the exercise by the Sheikhs of powers quite the same, apparently, as those exercised by our mesmerists, clairvoyants, and natural healers, and the same as some of those exercised by spiritual mediums. But the second title of the book, "Oriental Spiritualism," is a misnomer. For one of the least wonderful

\* "The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism. By John P. Brown, Secretary and Dragoman of the Legation of the United States of America at Constantinople." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

and best authenticated of these tales we make room here. It was related to Mr. Brown by a Dervish, of whom he seemingly thinks very well—a friend of his, he calls him :

" When I was at Kerkoot, in the province of Shehrazor, near to Mosul, I visited a *Tekkiah* of the Kâdîree Order, for the purpose of seeing a Sheikh of much repute and great spiritual powers. The Sheikh presided over the *Tekkiah* in question.

" When I reached the *Tekkiah*, a large number of *Mureeds*, or neophytes (disciples) were present, all appearing to be much excited by the power or the spell of the Sheikh; so much so as to rise and dance, sing or cry out involuntarily. On entering the hall where they were assembled in the presence of the Sheikh, I was also much affected by the spectacle, and, retiring to a corner, sat down and closed my eyes in devout meditation, mentally praying to the Sheikh to send away those persons, and to permit me to enjoy, alone, his society. The Sheikh was several paces distant from me, and, as I did not speak, could only have known what was passing in my mind by means of his wonderful spiritual powers, by which expression I mean the faculty which one spirit has of communing with another, and the power which a superior spirit has over the will of another spirit.

" On opening my eyes, I was amazed to hear the Sheikh address me in the following words—"In a few minutes' time your prayer, young man, will be granted, and you will commune with me alone." To my surprise, in a few minutes the Sheikh, without speaking a word to any one present, had dismissed all his disciples from the hall, and so I remained with him alone. One by one each had ceased to be affected by his spell, and withdrew. I then experienced an impulse beyond my power of refusal to arise and approach him, which I did. I threw myself helpless at his feet, and kissed the hand which he extended to me. We next sat down together, and I had a long and most instructive conversation with him."

#### THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

THE two new magazines grow better, we think, with each number, and are nearly equally good. *Lippincott's* has a very much better novel than the extremely weak story entitled "Too True" which is running through *Putnam's*, and the "Table-Talk" of *Putnam's* seems trivial enough beside the bibliographical and literary knowledge of the "Monthly Gossip" of *Lippincott's*; as regards the reviews of books the one is about as good, or bad, as the other, such superiority as there is resting with the Philadelphia magazine; and *Lippincott's* has this advantage, that there is less in it which one is unwilling to read than there is in *Putnam's*. It is an advantage due, perhaps, to the fact that *Putnam's* contains the greater number of pages, for we should not say that *Lippincott's* gives greater evidence than its rival of being in extremely good editorial hands. We do wrong, perhaps, to speak of the two magazines as rivals. They came into the world at the same time, however, and address the same class of readers. Neither is so popular in character as *Harper's*, and neither addresses an audience so cultivated as the subscribers to the *Atlantic*. This comparative method of criticism we do not apologize for, little profitable as such criticism is apt to be; for it is well to try to fix the place of new candidates for public favor, and this is best done by comparing them with a standard whose value is well known to every reader.

Mrs. Harding Davis, as was conjectured, turns out to be the author of the novel in *Lippincott's*. It was an easy guess, for that matter; nobody who had read her acknowledged works could fail to find the family likeness in "Dallas Galbraith." It has the same painful intensity as the others; one as surely says "morbid anatomy" when he ends a chapter of this story as when he ends a chapter in "Waiting for the Verdict" or in "Margret Howth." We were not ourselves born in New England—and, as Mr. Howells says, we cheerfully beg pardon for the youthful inadvertence—but we should not blame a native of that region if he were to smile a little at Mrs. Davis's estimate of the relative merits, mental and physical, of the Yankee and the man who is born and dies and raises wheat on the slopes of the Blue Ridge. Still, it is doubtless useful, except to the one who does it, to oppose bigotry to bigotry; when narrowness is set against narrowness, there is breadth for whoever can see them both. "Dallas Galbraith" we find a not uninteresting story. The one good character seems to have permanently disappeared from the scene; but two women are left who promise something. Messrs. Lippincott's proof-reader, let us remark, or Mrs. Davis, ought not to make the verb "to plead" irregular.

Louis Blanc's letter this month is a good one. He rejoices in what he considers Napoleon's enforced surrender to the clerical party, and gives a very intelligible account, and what we take to be a true one, of the Emperor's relations with the Liberals and the Catholics. His article, and the novel of which we have been speaking, and an article by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed on "Two Alsatian Novelists," and a clearly written, very sensible article by Amasa Walker, entitled "An Elastic Currency," seem to be the best worth reading of all the essays that this month's number contains. Mr. Bristed is not a critic for whose judgment or taste we entertain extraordinary respect; and the habit of writing for various sporting papers has given him

a style that strikes one as odd when it is discovered in soberer periodical literature; but he has vastly more knowledge than most American critics, and he seldom writes many pages together without saying something somewhat worth hearing. Erckmann and Chatrian are the two Alsatian novelists of whom he talks in the paper before us—novelists little known to American readers. Of many other people, too, he talks, and sometimes in a way that will be found quite amusing. Here is one of his marginal notes: "The dictionaries write *idyl*; Tennyson and Stedman *idyll*. One Carl Benson, of whom the reader has probably never heard, did so before either of them. You may spell it which way you please, my dear little reader: you pays your money and you has your choice."

*Putnam's* opens with Dr. Bushnell's "Science and Religion." Next comes Phoebe Cary, who writes "The Three Wrens," and who is pigeon-livered and lacks gall for satire. The third article is by Professor Schele de Vere; "Pearls" he writes about, giving information old and new, and making a tolerably readable article. An article more readable, very lively indeed, is entitled "Mr. Thom. White's Little Sermon"—the extravagance of modern American women is the pregnant text, and Mr. White is apparently a bachelor of little faith. It is, we suspect, to a very fashionable congregation that he habitually preaches, and, after all, the majority of worshippers are not members of such. Most women do not spend more money than they have; most women are less extravagant than most men. "American Traits, as seen from Abroad," is another light article which will be found readable; and "City Postal Service in the United States," without being at all light, is also readable, and worth reading. It shows very plainly by its figures the wretched postal service which the people of this city and Brooklyn are compelled to accept at the hands of the Post-office officials, local and general, and makes it clear that we might without difficulty be as well off in the matter of mails as London, where, throughout the vast city, "a well-sealed and clearly-directed penny-post letter is the best messenger." However, the postal service here and elsewhere is a branch of the civil service, and as the tree is, so are the branches.

The best article in *Putnam's* for March is by some anonymous lover of old books, who begins a series of papers with the title "Out-of-the-way Books and Authors." The Rev. Thomas Adams, an English clergyman of the time of James the First, is his theme this month, and he gives copious extracts which seem to show that South and Fuller would have welcomed this learned and witty preacher as a kindred spirit. The passages quoted make one wish it possible that in the edition of old English sermonizers which Hurd & Houghton some time ago promised Adams's works might find a place. The writer of the article has apparently forgotten his "Troilus and Cressida," or he would not have mentioned as one of Adams's "strong original proverbs" a saying which, in that play, forms a part of one of the best speeches of Shakespeare's Ulysses. We hope the series may be a very long one.

More articles like Mr. Croly's on the question "What a Newspaper Should Be" we do not know that we wish for. It is in good part identical with Mr. Parton's *North American Review* essay on "James Gordon Bennett and the New York Herald," and it would have been well if the editorial scissors had been applied to it freely. Of the remainder, a portion is practically valuable for instruction of persons intending to establish newspapers, and a portion is not valuable to anybody. One of the writer's leading propositions, that a newspaper should merely reflect public opinion, seems to us to be dissented from entirely. But we shall not see the day, nor will our children, when the comments of exceptionally able men on current events will cease to be influential on the minds of other men, and it is hardly worth while to combat the writer's notion. As a matter of fact, we know that to-day ninety-nine men in a hundred in the most enlightened countries in the world might have presented to them fresh every morning the news of all the world, or let us say of Washington, and would be altogether incapable of forming without help a politically valuable opinion upon it. It is true that no paper can live which sets itself in perpetual, obstinate opposition to all public opinion, and it is true that no paper prospers which does not conciliate the good-will of a tolerably large public. These things are so; but that they are so is not at all a reason for believing that servile reflection of popular opinion is necessary or practicable or desirable. Newspapers are not omnipotent, but they are powerful. They are powerful because editors work on the passions of men and inform men's minds. This latter work they do to some extent by printing telegrams, and to some extent by publishing thoughts for people who can adopt thoughts which they could not have originated. The editorial is man talking to men, as Mr. Parton says, and the news is God talking to men. Everything is God talking to men; God, however, is, in no case, his own interpreter.

[Feb. 27, 1868]

Except Mr. Dickens, none of the contributors to the March *Atlantic* are owners of distinguished names. It must be a bad number, then, if we reason after what seems the fashion of publishers. And it is not, in fact, a very good one. "George Silverman's Explanation" is apparently brought to an end at the end of the third part; but we do not certainly know. The depicting of a morbidly self-distrustful, unnaturally guileless, very self-sacrificing man—a sort of Tom Pinch—seems to be the author's object; and that excessively familiar figure is to be seen at full length in these eight chapters as well, and as much to the reader's satisfaction, as if the canvas had been larger. Dr. Palmer writes like an "emancipated" doctor in his entertaining "John Chapman, M.D."—an article which, with Dr. W. T. Helmuth's chat about "Some of the Wonders of Modern Surgery," we recommend for perusal. One cannot read the latter without a feeling of thankfulness; it is of a kind to stagger a pessimist. Other articles are: "Cretan Days," by Mr. Stillmaa; "A Conversation on the Stage," by Miss Kate Field; "Byways of Europe," by Mr. Taylor; "Free Missouri," by Mr. A. D. Richardson; "The Old Philadelphia Library," by J. M. Read, Jr., and two or three stories, or parts of stories. There are also three pieces of poetry. "A New Contributor" writes one of them, very commonplace indeed; one is by Celia Thaxter, and one, perhaps rather better than Celia Thaxter's, is anonymous. None is to be called good.

The March *Galaxy* has, for its most interesting matter, a very circumstantial account of Louis Napoleon's secret purchase, and a Mr. Petty's management, of the London *Morning Chronicle*. The disgraceful story we take to be a true one; at any rate, it has every appearance of truthfulness, and is well worth looking at as what may probably be a bit of the secret history of the Second Empire. "How Lamirande was Caught" and "John Bright at Home"—the one by Gaston Fay, the other by R. J. Hinton—are also readable papers of the kind in which the *Galaxy* has been noticeably successful—the subject not perhaps at all important, yet unacknowledged, and the treatment appropriately light. It is to be said, too, that of subjects quite sufficiently hackneyed the *Galaxy* treats often enough; light padding as distinguished from the heavy sort has always made rather too large a part of it, and every little while it prints a piece almost unaccountably bad, as, for instance, "The Ballad of Sir Ball" in the number in hand.

Of the heavier sort of padding *Hours at Home* furnishes a good sample in its article called "Insanity and Usefulness." In fact, it is of the heaviest sort. With perfect gravity Mr. Butterworth relates anecdotes worn threadbare, and accompanies them with comments marvellous for insanity. However, we do not mention him on that account. He has occasion to say that some men have thought insanity preferable to enduring the pangs of a guilty conscience—a statement not to be doubted—but next he falls into this wicked mixture of platitude and calumny: "In this view of the case, many who have figured in the most polished courts are more to be pitied than admired, and Garrick, Hood, and Hook lived no enviable lives." In any view of any case Mr. Rae Wilson lived no enviable life, as Mr. Butterworth will discover if he will turn to Hood's ode to that gentleman, and where Mr. Butterworth learned that Hood was anything but a very good man we are curious to know.

The rest of *Hours at Home* contains good reading. The moral uses of winter are Doctor Bushnell's theme, and he makes out a strong case—a case so strong that we almost fear he would have trouble to justify the ways of God to such men as inhabit countries that are hot. The Rev. Mr. Bacon will, we fear, be charged with indulging in unseemly levity in his "Sunday-school Muse;" but what he says is substantially sensible. Nothing more surely tends to immorality of character than the relaxing of children's minds by soaking them in the slop of twaddling songs, and surely it is high time that Sunday-school superintendents and teachers were warned of the iniquity of the "Minstrels" and "Bells" of various kinds, and "Choral Songsters," which fill so large a place in the instruction of scholars in both Sunday-schools and secular schools. Doctor Schaff translates with much felicity a fine piece of religious verse by Frederick Reickert; Professor W. S. Tyler treats of Constantinople, ancient and modern; Mary L. Booth gives three chapters of a translation of Madame de Gasparin's "Camille;" Motley's "Netherlands" is copiously quoted from; "The Chaplet of Pearls" is continued; Mr. Towle talks of the people and customs of Brittany; there is some very bad verse by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," and some very fair verse by Miss Josephine Pollard; and so the magazine is filled.

The *Catholic World* contains a learned review of Mr. Arthur Helps's biography of Las Casas—a review of a far higher character than is common in American periodical literature. Apparently the writer is using a language not his own, and his translations are particularly clumsy, but he seems to be much more than Mr. Helps, master of the subject. Another review is a

highly rhetorical essay on Doctor John Lord's "Old Roman World," which is treated with harshness. We have to commend, too, the *Catholic World's* lesser notices of books, which are vigorously written. It is true of them generally—that is, it has lately become true of them—that they give greater evidence of honest preparation on the part of the writers than is shown in the reviews published by any other monthly magazine except the *Atlantic*. Besides the long articles already mentioned, the magazine has an exposure, not in every instance made with perfect, unpartisan candor, of some of the stock falsehoods against the Romanists which have been current—more widely current once than now—among Protestant believers. "Canada Thistles" is the title of it. Then, on the other hand, there is an abusive, vicious attack on Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, and the Italians in general for their bad behavior as regards the Roman question. Garibaldi is a filibuster, the writer thinks; the King and General Menabrea have lied recklessly, and a certain number of the European journals are following their illustrious example; every act of moderation and conciliation of the last eight years has come from the side of the Holy Father, and every provocation has come from "Piedmont"; Cavour was "the modern Machiavelli, the man of impromptu and chicane," and so on. It is quite a relief to turn from this sort of thing to the pleasant little story of Gluck, or the calm argumentation of "The Church and Her Attributes," or to Aubrey de Vere's "Abscondita," albeit that poem, with its absurdly Roman Catholic bird and its Virgin whose breath sweetened a world, and a world blind to perfumes, is a very long way from being one of the poet's best. It has, however, several verses that are pretty, and this pair characteristically subtle and forcible:

"Of Him—Death's Conqueror—that from death  
Alone would take the crown decreed."

#### LIGHT AND HEALTH.\*

BUSINESS and sunlight in our large cities are fast becoming alienated from one another, and, as there is not room for both, the latter must yield to the ever-increasing demands of the former. We build up our stores and offices as high as the strength of materials will allow of, and, when checked in this direction, we spread out horizontally and cover the space which those who lived before us thought indispensable to healthful existence. The result of this solidifying process is that the sunlight comes to us through deep and narrow fissures called streets, and possibly down a slender, chimney-like space called a court. In this way this life-giving principle visits, almost exhausted, thousands and thousands of not poor, half-starved, and half-clad human beings, but men of at least some means and a liberal endowment of common sense. We set brain and body at work under the influence of a light which has lost most of its health-sustaining power by innumerable reflections, and then, when the sun sinks below the horizon, issue forth to seek recreation and refreshment by gas-light. Because of this constantly increasing evil, every serious effort made to impress upon the public the necessity of sunlight for health of body and mind is welcome.

The work before us is divided into four parts. In the first, which treats of the solar beam, the healthful and the morbid effects of light upon the animal and vegetable kingdoms are considered. Where it is not permitted to enter, there are disease and bodily deformities. The health-giving and beneficent influence of the sun's rays is evidenced by the ruddy faces and well-developed bodies of those who live in the country and work in the open air; and the effects of their exclusion are to be seen not only in the faces of the miserable denizens of narrow streets and crowded alleys, but in the blanched, shrivelled countenances and stooping attitude, and more or less uncertain gait, of many of our business men who, judging by their years, are still in the prime of life.

Dr. Winslow refers to the experiments of Dr. W. F. Edwards on the influence of light on the structure and growth of the lower animals. Two portions of frogs' spawn were placed, one in the direct sunlight, the other in the dark. The former in due time developed, the latter not. Further, the change from the tadpole to the frog state was retarded for many days by the exclusion of light. The fact that the *Proteus anguinus* is found only in the grotto of the Madalena, many hundred feet below the surface of the ground, can hardly warrant the assumption that it remains in its half-reptile and half-fish condition simply because it lives in the dark, for there are many fish-like reptiles in the streams and lakes of the world which are ever open to the sun's rays; but the supposition that the blindness of this interesting animal, as well as that of the fishes of the Tyrol and Kentucky caves, arises from an arrest of development of the eyes as a result of a con-

\* "Light: Its Influence on Life and Health. By Forbes Winslow, M.D." New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. 1868.

stant deprivation of light, will, with certain limitations, be accepted by all who advocate the Darwinian theory, though at present no animals nearly approaching these in structure are to be found in the surface waters of the above regions from which they may have been derived.

The author has some interesting remarks on the effect of the exclusion of light from animals and plants in deep-sea water, though we would remind the reader that the great depths which many navigators have reached, which far exceed the height of the highest mountains, must be accepted with considerable allowance. Professor W. P. Trowbridge, who was appointed by Professor Bacho, of the United States Coast Survey, to make an investigation of the laws of motion of the sounding-weight and line, and used for his purpose the full reports made of the experiments conducted by Commanders Berryman and Dayman, who surveyed the route for the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, asserts that more or less uncertainty is connected with all the soundings at the depth of two thousand fathoms, and that those at still greater depths must be set down as very questionable, for it is impossible to tell when the lead strikes the bottom with such a length of line out. The authority of Professor Forbee is cited for the statement that animal life is not found in the sea below three hundred fathoms, and that plants reach to a far less depth; but, since the death of this eminent naturalist, Dr. Wallich brought up from a depth of 7,560 feet, in the North Atlantic, as many as thirteen living star-fishes, and also from a still greater depth a great variety of foraminifera (the calcareous shells of which compose chalk) in a perfectly fresh condition. This was in the summer of 1860, and about the same time some Swedish naturalists obtained, off the coast of Spitzbergen, from a depth of from 6,000 to 8,400 feet, many living worms, crustaceans, and mollusks. In the proceedings of the Academy of Science of France for the year 1861, Professor Milne-Edwards gives an account of several species of corals, worms, and mollusks which had attached themselves, at a depth of 6,000 feet or more, to the Mediterranean telegraph cable extending from Bône to Cagliari. As to plants flourishing at a greater depth than three hundred fathoms, Mr. Stimpson examined some diatoms at the time of their being dredged up by Lieutenant Brooke, at a depth of 2,700 fathoms, in the Sea of Kamchatka, and found them living.

In this connection, the depth to which solar light is believed to penetrate the ocean is stated to be about seven hundred feet, but we cannot help but think that either it finds its way open to a much greater depth, for we know that the sea water varies in its transparency, or else the color of marine animals is in no way connected with it, for not only do many brightly-colored corals flourish far below the depth to which it is said the smallest amount of light penetrates, but the Swedish naturalists dredged crustaceans from a depth of 6,000 feet, of "brilliant colors"; and not far from the coast of Greenland mollusks of "bright red colors" have been obtained from a depth of 1,800 feet. There has been no evidence that, as Mr. Hunt declares, "everlasting darkness and eternal death" reign in the great depths of the ocean.

The second part, which is devoted to the lunar ray, begins with a reference to the opinions of the ancients respecting the influence of the moon. This luminary was believed to exercise a specific effect in the production and modification of bodily and mental diseases, and to play an important part in determining the character and destinies of people and nations. Animals and plants as well as men were also under her influence. Lord Bacon adopted the notion of the ancients so far as that the phenomena of organic life are subject to planetary control. The application of astrology to medicine originated in "actual observations of the connection between certain bodily affections and certain times and seasons." Dr. Winslow gives a long list of distinguished names in support of the doctrine of planetary influence, and states that the disposition so prevalent to discountenance this view is because of the difficulty of explaining lunar effects.

It is well known that there is a periodicity associated with the origin, progress, and type of many diseases, and the advocates of sol-lunar influence believe that this arises, directly or indirectly, from the action of the sun or moon, or of both combined, on the air. The author illustrates this part of his subject by drawing freely on the writings of Dr. Mead, who was a friend of Pope, Newton, and Halley, and of Dr. Balfour, who was physician at Calcutta during the latter part of the last century. Dr. Mead's idea is that the heavenly bodies act on the air by increasing or diminishing its weight in the same way that the tides are produced, and so increase or decrease its value for respiration; consequently the phases of the moon are connected with certain states of disease. Many cases of hemorrhage of various kinds are cited which are believed to have been caused by changes in the specific gravity of the air through the moon's influence.

Dr. Balfour adopts Dr. Mead's views, and is convinced "that every type of fever prevalent in India is in a remarkable manner affected by the revo-

lutions of the moon." We have not room to do justice to either of these writers; but, from the array of facts presented, we are willing to admit that the heavenly bodies do seem at times to influence disease, especially when their action on the atmosphere is so marked as to affect the barometer; yet we must make great allowance for the inhabitants of India and other countries, where all are *taught* from infancy to believe in lunar influence.

The third part is devoted to the question of "The Alleged Action of the Moon on the Insane," and the fourth to the "Hygiene of Light." Exclusion from the sun, as it increases the white and diminishes the red blood-cells, produces a sickly, flabby, pale, anemic condition of the face, enfeebles the nervous energy and vital strength, and induces organic changes in the various organs of the body. In this connection Dr. Winslow alludes to the condition of the poor in the large cities of Europe and America; to the changes for the better made in the past few years, and advocates the use of what the ancients termed *solaria*, or solar air-baths for children. The incalculable value of light, as an element in the treatment of disease, also receives attention.

We have thus been obliged to run rapidly over this work, which, however inconclusive it may be in some of its arguments, presents the subject in a clear and interesting manner, and will certainly have its influence in carrying on the reforms which have begun in improving the sanitary condition of all classes in large cities. We wish that the author had a better acquaintance with natural history, for then we should have from him a more correct use of its terms and a fuller illustration of his subject from this department of science; and also that he had taken a little more pains to render his book fully as suitable for the general reader as for the physician.

*Recent Publications.*—While "Men of the Time"\*, is fairly synonymous with "A Dictionary of Contemporaries," it is undoubtedly more flattering to humble but aspiring talent to be known as a man of the time than as a contemporary. We do not know the principles of selection by which the editor has been guided, except that he has not catalogued himself; but Mr. John Hollingshead, we remember, in that article on dramatic critics, in the *Broadway*, which occasioned so much irritation, hinted that to be placed among "Men of the Time" was the ambition and striving of certain fourth-rate intellects whom he either named or described. We have not searched for these gentlemen, but they can doubtless defend their claims to admittance along with Theodorus of Abyssinia, whose biography is given with all respectfulness as a reigning monarch. We have, of course, scanned chiefly the American names, which are generally borrowed more or less copiously and literally from the "New American Cyclopaedia," though some are omitted which the latter contains, and vice versa. General Banks loses one s from his middle name, Prentiss; Mr. Bancroft, whose ninth volume of United States history is not mentioned, "is said to be one of the leading writers in the *North American Review*," which is scarcely true of late; General Butler's government of New Orleans is alluded to, and it is stated that "his name is in consequence held in abhorrence," he is also "one of the bitterest opponents of President Johnson," who is said to have "prosecuted the war to a successful issue"—though it was virtually at an end before Mr. Lincoln's death—and since to have "manifested every desire to treat the conquered States with clemency." In this he is opposed by the Radicals, "whose object appears to be to crush the South." Thaddeus Stevens is "notorious for his bitter hostility to the South," in consequence of the rebel raid which burnt his forge; but his hostility to the President is not mentioned, nor is his *confrère* Mr. Boutwell a recognized man of the time. The English partiality to the "lost cause" appears on every occasion. General Grant is repulsed by Lee in three separate battles and baffled in strategy, and is forced to copy the peninsular campaign of General McClellan. Stonewall Jackson is the "lamented," etc. General Howard's services as head of the Freedmen's Bureau are not alluded to. Mr. Phillips "of late has become prominent as an orator and is an abolitionist." Mr. Whittier's poetical activity since 1847 is unacknowledged. Bennett's success with the *Herald* is noted without any judgment upon its morality. Frederick Douglass is allowed the alias of "Bailey," which will be new to most people, and is said to have established at Rochester *L'Abeille* (qu. A' Bailey?) du Nord, meaning probably the *North Star*, which afterwards became *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. Philadelphians will be glad to find the name of Mr. Rothermel (spelt Rothermal) among the artists; New Yorkers will miss Mr. Church. The Hon. George P. Marsh is not a man of the time; neither is Mr. Parton, but his wife is, with a duplicate alias, "Farmington."

\* "Men of the Time: A Dictionary of Contemporaries, containing biographical notices of eminent characters of both sexes." Seventh edition, revised and brought down to the present time. London and New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1868.

Mr. Grant White is overlooked. So, returning to England, are James Greenwood, the "Lambeth Casual," and Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Mr. Edward Dicey is named, but not his distinguished brother-in-law, M. Auguste Laugel. M. Henri Taine is omitted. The Hon. Mr. Stansfeld's ability and the public esteem for him irrespective of party would never be guessed from the paragraph devoted to him.

But we would not deny all value to this dictionary. With due reserves as to its accuracy and impartiality, it is certain to be useful for reference, and we dare say improves with each fresh edition.

We have already expressed our liking for the edition represented by the volume before us.\* It is an edition of Bulwer, complete as regards the works included in it, cheap in price, handsome enough, so far as concerns binding, for any one who is satisfied with books bound in cloth, printed in large type, and, as we have said before, combining the qualities of portability, legibility, cheapness, and beauty, better by far than any other of the numerous editions of popular authors which are now so much in fashion. So much in praise. In dispraise it is necessary to say that the paper is a little too thin, and that there seems to be a fault in the ink, which, for some reason or other, is not perfectly absorbed by the paper, but, while the books are new at any rate, can be made, by a little rubbing, to soil the page. Still, we are able to say that the "Globe Edition" is the best Bulwer, at the price, of which we have any knowledge, and that nine novel-reading book-buyers in ten will buy half a dozen worse made American books before they will buy one better or two as good.

*The American Beaver and his Works.* By Lewis H. Morgan, author of "The League of the Iroquois." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.—Any one who looks into the literature of zoölogy cannot but be struck with the fact that so much of it pertains to technical descriptions and classification, and so little to the study of the habits of animals. This seems all the more strange, since the former are uninteresting and tiresome to the last degree except to professed naturalists, and we cannot but think they must often be so even to them, while the latter have a charm which the very dullest cannot resist. If we would study the relations of animals to each other and to man, we certainly ought to take into consideration their physiological and psychical phenomena, as well as their exterior form and structure. Up to the present time, however, it has been one of the leading faults of naturalists to overlook the former. As one reads Mr. Morgan's book, he cannot withhold his astonishment that, since the days of Hearne in the last century, to whom we are indebted for nearly all that was known of the beaver, no one has appeared to make a full and careful study of the modes of life of this most remarkable animal. Mr. Morgan, with a zeal and patience worthy of Reaumer, the Huber, or of Darwin, has re-examined the whole subject and largely increased our knowledge. The scene of his labors was chiefly in the immense tracts of forests on the southerly side of Lake Superior, where the beaver still exists in large numbers and constructs his peculiar works on a very extended scale. The subjects treated of—their anatomical structure, their dams, lodges, mode of cutting wood and of laying up supplies for the winter, their wary nature, their gradual extension over immense areas by migration along the rivers, their mode of reproduction, the method of trapping, etc.—can only be mentioned. We must, however, say a few words about dams and canals. The descriptions of the first are especially complete and are based on the actual surveys of more than fifty, extending over an area of as many square miles, and all carefully mapped. Finding every attempt to represent them by drawings unsatisfactory, the author had recourse to photography, and, after great labor in clearing away trees and other obstructions, has been able to present to us exact figures of these wonderful works. We can form an idea of the magnitude of some of them from the fact that a dam in one of the tributaries of the Carp River is four hundred and eighty feet long, and backs up water which covers an area of twenty-five acres. On one of the small streams flowing into the Esconnauba are three dams, one of which measures three hundred and eighty-five, and another five hundred and eighty-one feet in length. A dam at Grass Lake, on a transverse section, shows a height of little more than six feet, a base of eighteen feet, a water face of seven, and lower face of thirteen feet. The materials are pieces of wood from one to three inches in diameter, and from three to ten feet long; the interstices on the water side are filled with mud so as to form a solid structure, but the upper portion allows of percolation. In some cases, however, a "solid-bank dam" is made by filling in with mud on both sides; but as

the flow of water over the crest would soon wash out the earth on the lower face, a sluice-way is left in the middle of sufficient size to discharge all the surplus. Contrary to the usual assertion, a fallen tree very rarely enters into the composition of a dam. Out of fifty-one, Mr. Morgan found only a single instance in which such was the case, and in that the tree had fallen from its own decay, and not before the teeth of the beaver. In that case, too, the sticks were all deposited below and not above the tree, a mode of construction which looks as if the engineering were unskilful. In connection with this we might advert to another assertion, often much insisted upon, viz.: that the beaver builds his dam with a convexity against the current, thereby increasing its strength; though frequent, this is by no means always the case. In a series of thirteen dams on the Carp River, all had their convexity downwards, while in others elsewhere the middle part was convex upwards, and the lateral portions were reversed; consequently had not the forms giving the greatest strength. Those who believe in the infallibility of instinct will do well to consider these facts. The most novel of Mr. Morgan's observations relate to the system of canals. We have not seen these noticed by previous writers, though the Indians and trappers, according to Mr. Morgan, have recognized their true nature. The former call them *o-de-na-o-nane*—literally, "made channel to travel in." They are excavations, the earth of which is often thrown out on the sides, and all the roots encountered give the usual signs of having been gnawed off by the beaver. On one of the plates is the plan of a canal four hundred and fifty feet long and from three to four wide, and on another that of a main canal one hundred and fifty feet long, with two branches, one measuring one hundred and the other one hundred and fifteen feet. These are just what their names indicate, and are used as passage-ways between the ponds and their wood-lots, along which they float the sticks of yellow birch, willow, poplar, etc., which have been cut for food or for the construction of their dams and lodges. In the concluding chapter, on "animal psychology," Mr. Morgan claims a wider range for the intelligence of animals than the metaphysicians are wont to allow. These last have taken far more pains to establish differences than to detect resemblances between the psychical phenomena of man and the lower order of beings. It certainly seems more philosophical to adopt the opposite method, and consider the acts of animals resembling those of intelligence as the results of intelligent action until they can be proved otherwise. Mr. Morgan, in accordance with this mode of viewing them, and with no fear of detracting from the "dignity of human nature," admits for brutes—or, as he more considerately calls them, mutes—the endowments of will, memory, and judgment, and that by the exercise of these faculties the beaver is enabled to construct his canals, his dams, and his lodges. In fact, it is only by adopting such a view that it becomes possible to explain the adaptation of their acts to varying circumstances, so that in some cases they construct partially submerged houses, while in others, where the conditions are different, they substitute for them burrows in the banks of the rivers; or for thoroughfares construct canals in the low and swampy lands of the regions of Lake Superior, but substitute for these, on the dry and abrupt banks of the Upper Missouri, their well-known "slides." When comparative psychology shall have made equal progress with comparative anatomy and physiology, the true limitations of instinct and intelligence will no doubt be reached, and we cannot but believe that the domain of the latter will be largely extended over that now assigned to the former. Mr. Morgan presents his subject in simple language, free from technicality, and in a manner which can hardly fail to attract all classes of readers. He writes cautiously, with an earnest desire to elicit truth and eliminate error, and has stated nothing which has not been verified by personal observation or the testimony of trustworthy witnesses. He has made himself acquainted with the habits of the beaver not only in the vast areas of trackless forests on the borders of Lake Superior, but on the upper waters of the Missouri, and in the equally inhospitable regions of Hudson's Bay Territory. He is justly entitled to an honorable place in the higher ranks of original observers.

*A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry.* By Charles W. Eliot and Frank H. Storer. Second Edition. (New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1868.)—We are not surprised that this work has so soon reached its second edition, for it is so vastly superior to all American text-books on chemistry that teachers cannot hesitate about using it. It is, we are glad to say, what it pretends to be, a manual of inorganic chemistry, and not an attempt to furnish information in regard to all the natural sciences, with a few pages on chemistry as a supplement. Each subject is clearly presented with a sufficiency of details and experiments, and the recent changes in chemical formulæ are explained and adopted. The type and paper do credit to the publishers.

\* "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings." By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. "Globe Edition."

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